The Modern Man

A Weekly Journal of Masculine Interest.

No. 172. Week Ending Feb. 17th, 1912. ONE PENNY.

French, German, or Spanish by Post for a Penny a Day.

For more than 30 years Mr. HUGO and his Staff have been teaching Languages and studying the difficulties of many thousands of pupils. His new Self-Tuition Course is the result of daily experiment to one end—to make Languages easy of acquirement, to teach ONLY WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL, and to teach that thoroughly. This Course gives a practical mastery of the important part of the language in an incredibly short time.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEAK

FRENCH, GERMAN, or SPANISH?

IT IS SO EASY IF YOU TAKE

HUGO'S 1912 SELF-TUITION COURSE BY POST.

2s. 6d. *MONTHLY FOR ONE YEAR*

Is not an expensive way of acquiring a foreign language.

For this 30/- (Ten per cent. discount for cash) **you at present get:**

1. Fifty Self-Tuition Lessons, sent post free to any address in the world, in weekly booklets of 16 pages each.
2. A collection of copyright practice-tables.
3. Six class lessons of one hour each, or six private lessons of twenty minutes each, orally or by post.
4. A set of Hugo's unequalled Text-Books—value of French Books, 15s.; of the German or Spanish, 10s. This set, which comprises Hugo's well-known Commercial Correspondents, Readers, Composition and Idiom Books, etc., etc., is supplied in ADDITION to the fifty booklets.

THIS COURSE IS A NOVEL, INTERESTING, AND SIMPLE METHOD. NO LEARNING BY HEART REQUIRED. FLUENCY IS INSENSIBLY AND QUICKLY ACQUIRED FROM THE PROGRESSIVE CONVERSATION GIVEN.

HUGO'S Students ***COPYRIGHT PRACTICE TABLES and BOOKLETS enable to begin to SPEAK and WRITE FRENCH, GERMAN, or SPANISH in simple language from the very first lesson.***

Write for full Prospectus. Specimen Lesson free to all mentioning THE MODERN MAN when inquiring.

LESSONS IN FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN, &c.

SPECIAL DAY CLASSES, 6s. 6d. Monthly. EVENING CLASSES, 4s. Monthly.

PRIVATE LESSONS from 3s. per Hour.

Books Included. *Native Teachers.* *Coaching for Naval and Military Examinations.*

HUGO'S LANGUAGE INSTITUTE. (Established 1875.)

33, GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.; 64-66, OXFORD STREET, W.; 205, EARL'S COURT ROAD, S.W.

Address for Self-Tuition inquiries: 33, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns: neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Another McKinley bargain! The new "Derby" mackintosh for winter wear. Made from special heavy-weight water-proof coating of excellent quality, and cut in latest style. Well worth 25s. Our price 18s. 6d., carriage paid. Ready for service, in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket), with remittance. Money returned if you are not satisfied.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

Would you like to be a Black-and-White Artist? If so, send stamp for prospectus, detailing perfected system of coaching (approved by "The Modern Man"). — "Art," London House, Westhoughton, Lancs.

SPORTS & PASTIMES.

Conjuring, Jokes, Card Tricks. Catalogue free.—Vandy, 193, Regent Street (Dept. MM), London.

Scientific Football and the way how.—The governing principles and secrets, hitherto unpublished. A magical transformation of style and play. Full explanations, post free, 1s. 1d.—Shepherd, 65, Shaw Lane, Barnsley.

SITUATIONS VACANT & WANTED.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Five Pounds Weekly earned by B.C.C. students of Advertising, Shorthand, Accountancy, and Business Methods. Advice free.—British Correspondence College, 5, Progress House, City Road, E.C.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's Advertisement, page 626.

MEDICAL, &c.

Notice.—I greatly appreciate such kind words received from enthusiasts of my book, "How to Shave in Comfort," which explains how to "strop" and "use razors correctly." I regret delay caused to so many applicants, but can now dispatch by return for P.O. 1s.—Harrison, c/o E. Jackson, Hairdresser, Rawmarsh, Rotherham.

Moustache-Grower. Send me P.O. for 1s. and I will mail you the recipe of my wonderful moustache-grower, which will positively force a moustache within three weeks. Equally good for forcing new hair on the head.—Box 4669, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Liverishness cured by effectual prescription; promotes appetite, invigorates system generally—Send sevenpence in stamps, Box 4651, "The Modern Man, 21, Tudor Street, London.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Piles permanently cured. The worst cases yield speedily to Buer Mul-la and Powder; it cures for good. Sample free for two stamps.—Send now to Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, S.E.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Chilblains, sure cure, quick relief. Linimo; 1s. 1½d. Highest testimonials. —J. Holden and Co., 32, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Recipes of 40 well-known patent medicines, 1s. 1d. post free; 3,000 trade secrets, 2s. 3d., worth pounds.—Porritt, Publisher, Limefield, Bury, Lancs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Competitions.—Winning solutions, any papers, 2 for 6d. P.O. and stamped envelope.—Box 4,681, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

FREE, 7s. 6d. Safety Razor, with extra blades, absolutely free to all sending P.O. 1s. 6d. (3d. extra for postage and packing) for one of our marvellous 3s. 6d. Pocket-knives, English oxydised steel handles, best make; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4670, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Amusing Samples. Post free, seven penny stamps; Novelties, Puzzles.—Hyam's, 19, Ellis Street, Birmingham.

"Art of Luck," to which "Answers" devoted column, has made thousands lucky—why not you? Send to-day and watch your income, 1s. 2d. "Art of Getting Rich," companion booklet, 2s. 2d.—Editor, "Talisman," Harrogate.

"Gem" Turkish Bath, complete, cost 35s.; 4 volumes "Practical Grocer." Both as new. Will sell together or separate. What offers?—Box 4,680, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor, with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early.—Vandy, 193, Regent Street (Dept. M.M.), London.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 6d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A Rare Chance.—Unique 21s. Safety Razor, with seven blades, heavily nickelled, in leatherette case, lined silk; bargain, 4s. 1d. each, post free, approval willingly.—Box 4594, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in best English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Cut here

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 628.

Cut here

Cut Here

COUPON for our 3rd "CENTRES" COMPETITION

For particulars see page 620.

MY "CENTRE"

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Cut Here

The Modern Man

EDITORIAL OFFICES:—Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Telephone, Gerrard 2979.
PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT:—19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Telephone, Central 5991.
ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT:—19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street. London, E.C. Telephone, Central 5991.
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 8/8; for six months, 4/4; for three months, 2/2. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing Department at above address.
NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider contributions, and to pay immediately on acceptance for those which prove suitable. All contributions must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

CHEEK.

The Home Secretary recently announced to a deputation that he had drafted a Bill to prohibit bad books. It thus behoves authors to get into Mr. McKenna's good books.

* * *

A writer in a contemporary inquires, "Are You a 'Nut'?" I presume he is addressing his question chiefly to colonels.

* * *

Extract from a weekly paper: "My Nice correspondent tells me that Mr. Balfour . . . is playing very good golf at Cannes . . ." A compliment like that ought to make Mr. Balfour think him a very Nice correspondent indeed.

* * *

H.H. the Jam of Nawanagar, better known as "Ranji," is to visit England again this cricket season. Of course, we all hope that the Jam will be preserved to us for a long time.

* * *

An advertisement is headed, "Consumption's Annual Toll." There is a very doleful ring about it.

* * *

No, Cuthbert, that paragraph you send us about "The New Muffs" refers to ladies' adornment, and has nothing to do with anti-boxing parsons and others of their kidney. They are old ones.

* * *

A certain Russian princess's motto is, perhaps, that if she cannot obtain loans from tradesmen she must rely on faith in Stead.

* * *

A cookery recipe in a weekly paper describes the preparation of "Oysters *à la Tetrazzini.*" I presume the oysters should be allowed to reach a very high pitch.

* * *

The same paper follows up with directions on "How to Cook Chestnuts." Is this written from experience by the editor of the humour pages?

* * *

No, Curious Christine (Tooting), if you visit the Comedy Theatre to witness "The Bear-Leaders" you will not see any famous generals in their baths, as you imagine.

* * *

Let us hope that the philosopher who declared that "Love is blind" was not thinking of those nasty people in novels who are so often intoxicated with their passion.

* * *

Theatrical note: What was Mr. Herbert Waring?

* * *

Those Y.M.C.A. clocks were £40,000 short because they had not enough over-time.

* * *

The "Canadian Courier" (Toronto) says that the Briton in sport really is "a rattling good fellow at the bottom." The "Canadian Courier" means well, but apparently forgets that in sport the Briton is usually at the top.

I. S. Cox.

BITTING A HORSE.

A straight mouthpiece is one of the mildest forms of bit, as it rests upon the horse's tongue and does not come on the bars of his mouth except when pulled.

The object of the port or arch in a mouthpiece is to leave room for the tongue and thus allow the bit to press upon the bars of the mouth. It is, of course, more severe than a straight mouthpiece.

Bits should always be of a width suitable for the horse with which they are to be used. If a bit is too narrow, it pinches the horse's lips between his jaw and the sides of the bit. If it is too wide it moves from side to side and bruises the horse's lips.

MARCONI AND HANDWRITING.

Marconi received part of his education in England, spending a year or so at a school at Bedford. There, apart from his devotion to scientific subjects, he was distinguished chiefly for his independence of character in general and his revolt against our methods of teaching handwriting in particular. He simply refused to struggle with pot-hooks and "model" caligraphy, and he carried his point.

After all, our methods of teaching writing are absurd. We spend precious time as boys learning a forced and entirely artificial "hand," which we drop the moment we are our own masters.

Marconi is not only a scientist, but a sportsman, swimming and boat-sailing being among his favourite recreations, and he is never happier than when afloat during a storm.

KIND CONSIDERATION.

The scene was one of those delightful old world vaults in the neighbourhood of the Strand, where cobwebs hang from the rafted ceiling and geniuses almost equally cob-webby imbibe spirituous liquors at other people's expense.

Marmaduke Fantail, the gr-reat tragedian, was there, conversing with his bosom friend Owen Munny, Marmaduke as usual searched for information.

"But look here, Owen," he said; "what I can't understand is why you kept on haggling with that tailor fellow about the price of your new coat. You know perfectly well that you don't mean to pay him anything at all——"

Owen broke in with an illuminating smile.

"Ah, my dear fellow, that's *it!*" he said. "*I* have a conscience. I don't want the poor chap to lose more than is really necessary."

JUMPING IN A GYM.

A new departure in gymnasia, and one, indeed, which has flourished for some years in the North of England, is high jumping in the gym. Hitherto that exercise has been more or less confined to practice in the open, but now a great many gymnasia have a high-jumping apparatus, and some very good performances are witnessed.

There is more knack in jumping in a gym. than in the open. The jumper does not spring so much from his feet. He rather kicks one leg as high over as he can, and in some mysterious way lifts his body over with it, kicking up the other one at the same time. In a gym., too, the boards afford a better spring than grass or cinder and this perhaps accounts for the fact that 5ft. 4in. is no uncommon jump even where hardly any run-up is allowed by the size of the room.

A SENSE OF TRAFFIC.

Practically every man who spends his working day in a busy city—especially in the City of London—has developed a sixth sense, the sense of traffic. In the lunch hour, you will see hundreds of young men strolling in and out of the congested traffic at the Bank as unconcernedly as if they were walking over a quiet meadow. They hardly see the horses and motor-'buses. They simply avoid them by instinct—by the sense of traffic.

It is open to question, however, if this same sense of traffic is one which really should be encouraged, for it is likely to lead its possessor into indiscretions. One day you may be feeling a bit "nervy" or off-colour, and it is just possible you may find your much-vaunted sense of traffic fail you at a pinch.

After all, where traffic is very congested, it is the wisest man who waits patiently for the gentleman in blue to hold up his hand.

A CANINE SKETCH.

By SIDNEY NORTH.

A delver in the hardly fertile soil of the English dictionary, words are to me what samples of tea are to the grocer. I understand in some measure just how far they are suitable to my customers, of whom you are one; I seek to blend them so that they may appeal to your palate.

Names are things that in these days of bewildering and absurd libel actions I have very often to manufacture, and in each case they must fit the character—something with a rasping sound for the villain, something that melts in your mouth for the heroine.

I called my bull-terrier pup, who is now almost a full-grown dog, "Pikanik," because I wanted him to fit the sound of that name. I wanted him to be sharp, sprightly, a dog on whom no flies could rest with impunity. Yet, although I have hammered my neighbours out of calling him "Picnic" (what a sobriquet for a dog whose food-bill exceeds my tobacco bill every week!) they now have another name for him worse even than that.

When they look into my house for a friendly pipe at night, and my dog growls at the sound of their footsteps on the pathway that leads to my door, they say: "All right, old Stupid, it's only a pal of the governor's."

And, ignorant dog that he is, he promptly wags his tail, despite the fact that I read out to him very seriously from the dictionary after a misguided display of pleased acceptance of this name: "Stupid—senseless; wanting in understanding; formed without skill or genius."

"Stupid," indeed!

It comes of having a humorist for a week-end visitor. We took the dog for a walk by the Black Dyke one Sunday morning, and, going ahead of us, he walked first over the plank that bridges it. A lady had started to cross it—quite a middle-aged lady.

They met in the middle.

"Come back, boy," said I.

But Pikanik is like the British Army: he never recrosses bridges unnecessarily. He saw that to continue on the narrow way would have been to upset the human in the skirt in full sail.

He accepted the one alternative compatible with honour. He gracefully fell in the dyke, and stood there in the mud up to his chest and flanks, wagging his tail—a picture of eighteenth century gallantry.

"Stupid idiot," said my friend, with the perverted sense of humour.

Pikanik continued to soak in the slime that he might impress his gentility upon us. He came out to my call finally, in what the funny man called patent leather boots—rich, shiny, black mud on each leg.

"Get out of my way—Stupid," he said, as Pikanik started to shake himself.

Within an hour over a glass of ale with Worplesdon and others in the "Queen's Head Inn," the name of Pikanik, so troublesome to the lazy local tongue, was banished for ever in favour of "Stupid."

Protest on my part was all in vain.

The depreciator of gallantry continued to find out reasons why the name fitted him exactly.

Lecky's mongrel met us in our progress back to my house, and went tooth and nail for Pikanik. When Pikanik had recovered from his surprise at this absence of decent behaviour on the Sabbath—my friend put *that* down to want of understanding also!—he quietly caught the Simian terrier by the neck and turned him over on his back, standing over his monkey face victorious and wagging his tail.

As he did not make a *hors d'œuvres* of his throat there and then, the humorist acclaimed him once again as "Delightful old Stupid," and Pikanik trotted up very pleased to his heel, allowing the Darwinian theory dog to slink off.

We met up the hill a dog-fancier of a neighbouring village, a man who feels it *infra dig.*, I believe, to walk out with a retinue of less than five dogs, comprising a dalmatian, two King Charles spaniels, a greyhound, and a whippet.

His poacher pockets burst with small inch-square biscuits, toothsome morsels with which he feeds his animals when he sits down in the "Queen's Head Inn" for his pint of old ale and a plate of hard biscuit, cheese, and pickled walnut.

Nothing delights this man more than to encourage dogs belonging to other people to come to him and follow him. He is the sort of character who walks about the world getting amusement out of inflicting petty annoyances on all and sundry. Having bribed other masters' "Towsers," "Spots," "Rabs," and "Jacks" by offering them a feed with his attendants, he walks off unconcernedly with his mixed tribe and the suborned ones follow him.

"Why," says he, turning contemptuously to their owners, "don't you chaps call your dogs off?"

Now as I had always been careful to keep Pikanik out of temptation of this sort, and myself from the scorn of the dog-charmer, I was pleased when we met that man that morning that Pikanik, without hindrance from me, remained at my heel when he was offered one of the biscuits that provided the downfall of many less loyal dogs.

"There you are," I exclaimed to my friend, "you can't call him 'Stupid' now!"

"You're right," said the humorist, "but I reckon a dog that refuses a biscuit is worth only one name. Take my tip and call him 'Balmy.'"

But this expressive piece of nomenclature did not stick even by the skilful word-pasting of the funny man.

Yet, as I write, this very libelled animal jumps up and attempts to bite my pen.

"Get down, Pikanik," I say.

He threatens my "copy" now.

"Get down, Pikanik," I say again.

But alas! because I fear what my housekeeper might remark regarding ink knocked over on the cloth, I have to use the phraseology of the witty one, thus admitting defeat.

It is only "Stupid, chuck it!" that he finally obeys.

THE FIGHT FOR THE CUP.

NOTES ON THE SECOND ROUND.

Small scoring was the rule in the second round of the F.A. Cup competition, sixteen matches producing a total of only thirty-three goals. The highest scoring was in the Coventry City v. Manchester United match at Coventry, when the visitors won by 5—1, and the next biggest total on the part of one single club was at Fulham, where the home team beat Liverpool by 3—0.

There were five drawn games as follows: Everton 1 v. Bury 1, at Everton; Middlesbrough 1 v. West Ham United 1, at Middlesbrough; Crystal Palace 0 v. Sunderland 0, at Sydenham; Aston Villa 1 v. Reading 1, at Aston; and Darlington 1 v. Northampton 1, at Darlington.

The first-named of these drawn games came as a distinct surprise, for Everton at the time stood second on the First League table and poor Bury at the very bottom. That Bury should score first, and that Everton's equaliser should only be the result of a penalty kick, not forgetting the big point that the game took place on Everton's ground, does not augur too well for Everton in the replay.

Chelsea were very unlucky to lose to Bradford City by 2—0, on the Cup-holders' ground, for twenty-six minutes from the start Bridgeman, the Londoner's outside left, sustained a compound fracture of the little finger, and was taken to the Bradford Royal Infirmary. Then, in the second half, Dodd, another Chelsea player, left the field lame, so that the visitors finished the game two men short. It is interesting to note that in opposing Bradford City, Whittingham, whose articles in THE MODERN MAN will be remembered, was playing against one of his old teams.

The Southern clubs, on the whole, did satisfactorily, Fulham and Swindon winning their matches, and Reading, West Ham United, Crystal Palace, and Northampton drawing with their opponents, thus necessitating replayed games. As West Ham, Reading, and Northampton were playing away, they will engage in the replays on their own grounds—by no means a negligible advantage.

Two Southern clubs, however, were knocked out of the competition, namely, Chelsea and Coventry, which latter, as I mentioned above, received the biggest beating of the day.

G. K.

MASCULINE DRESS-MANIACS.

THE DESIRE TO BE WELL-GROOMED RUN TO SEED

From America comes the news that Mrs. George Bain, of San Diego, California, has gone to Reno to endeavour to obtain a divorce from her husband, on the ground that he spends £250 a year on silk socks.

If Mr. Bain's socks are anything like some of those that were worn by holiday-making youths in this country during the past summer, then the lady has my sincerest sympathy.

Presumably, however, her objection is to Mr. Bain's extravagance, and £250 a year certainly seems a good deal to spend on socks, though it must be remembered that many fashionable beauties spend all that and even more on their stockings.

Besides, you can easily pay two or three guineas a pair for the finest silk socks, so that Mr. Bain's stock may not be so extensive as it looks at first sight. Men are often—well, a little eccentric in the way of buying enormous stocks of clothes that they are never likely to wear.

I had a great-uncle whose hobby was trousers. He ordered them by the dozen pairs. His house was burnt out on one occasion, and he claimed against the insurance company for fifty-three dozen pairs of trousers. The company resisted the claim, but the judge held that, if a man likes to buy trousers as other men buy cigars, he is entitled to do so, and my great-uncle won his case.

THREE COATS AT A TIME.

A well-known baronet has an enormous collection of coats of all colours, shapes, and materials. He never wears less than three coats, and his tailor supplies him on an average with forty new coats a year.

Some men go in strong for hats. A well-known stock-broker, now deceased, used for many years to buy a new silk hat every morning of his life. He never wore them but once, and if he was going to any social function in the afternoon, then he bought two hats that day. The "old" hats were his valet's perquisite.

Many men collect boots, as other men collect old silver or bric-a-brac. I know one man who has a pretty large room lined from top to bottom with shelves containing rows and rows of boots.

His hobby is to spend hours polishing them into various states of perfection. Oddly enough, he invariably wears cheap, ill-fitting boots, though his collection must have cost him hundreds of pounds by this time.

THE NATIVES' MISSED TREAT.

Fancy waistcoats have a potent attraction for some men. In my salad days I was once guilty of ordering two dozen summer waistcoats at two guineas apiece. I was going into the country, and thought I would startle the natives with my waistcoats, but my portmanteaux were lost for ever on the journey.

You can get rid of quite a lot of money on shirts at fifteen shillings and sixpence a time. I once knew a captain of Sappers whose extravagance it was never to wear the same shirt twice. If he went on a journey he bought new shirts at each stopping-place, throwing away the old ones. He said it saved him the trouble of carting them about with him.

Then there are pyjamas and underclothing. On these the man of fashion can easily spend £100 to start with, and, say, £50 a year for renewals, which reminds me that Colonel Newnham Davis, the well-known "Dwarf of Blood" of the "Pink 'Un" once conclusively proved that it is "impossible" for a man-about-town to be really well dressed on less than £1,000 a year.

However, I was talking of the mania, or, to put it more politely, the hobby, some men have for buying new clothes.

LO, THE POOR INDIAN!

A certain grill-room I frequent is visited every Friday at lunch time by a retired Anglo-Indian—an old "John Company" (Honourable East India Company) servant.

I don't know how long it has been going on, but for over a year he has appeared every Friday in a brand-new suit of clothes, and the waiters tell me that he has never been known to appear there in the same suit twice. Yet, with all his splendour, his hat was old in the days of Noah, and his overcoat, when he wears one, is decidedly shabby.

Probably with the present craze for socks of violent hue and pattern, some men have taken to collecting them, though I have not yet come across a case.

W. CRESSWELL.

BLACKMAIL AGENCIES.

AN EXPOSURE OF THE "PRIVATE INQUIRY" SHARK.

Two flagrant cases have recently occupied the London Courts, in which so-called private inquiry agents were arraigned on charges of blackmail. In each case heavy sentences have been dealt out to the contemptible scoundrels.

But this is not enough. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. What we want is not for the blackguardly blackmailer to undergo imprisonment *after* he has caused his victims months, and perhaps years, of indescribable misery. We want to put every person on his or her guard against such human vermin, so that they will be allowed no opportunity of practising their unsavoury trade.

FINDING CLIENTS.

"When Worried, When In Trouble, When Blackmailed—Go to So-and-So," runs the typical advertisement, which is couched in cunningly deceptive words that are well calculated to conjure up in the hearts of harassed people, good or otherwise, the picture of a big-souled and big-hearted man of the world, a man who can understand and sympathise with human frailty, and who may well be relied upon to help them in their trouble.

Contrast with this noble creature the only-too-ordinary reality. A sordid, evil person, with few real brains but much low cunning, in very many cases a low-caste foreigner trading under a name that suggests British nobility, and whose object is to exploit to the full the miserable secrets that are confidingly entrusted to him.

BLACKMAILERS BOTH.

"When blackmailed, go to So-and-So." Why? In the name of commonsense, why? Simply in order to have two blackmailers sucking your blood at the same time. You have, at some time or other, done something which you do not wish to be made public, and some scoundrel has found out and is blackmailing you. You go to one of these plausibly advertising sharks—and what happens? He asks you many searching questions, with the result that at last he probably knows more than your original blackmailer. Then he informs you that he will put one of his investigators on the business for you.

Of course, *you* have to pay the investigator's expenses, which are always heavy, not to mention the principal's enormous bill. If you didn't, your secret would soon be out. Oh, dear no! The inquiry agent hardly ever actually threatens you. At any rate, it is only the bunglers who do. He simply explains that it is a case of great delicacy, that it would be truly *dreadful* if the secret leaked out, and he feels himself obliged to put on only his *most trusted* (and consequently most expensive) men.

FAKING EVIDENCE.

At the same time, he does nothing of service to you. All he does is to blackmail your actual blackmailer, with threats of exposure. He says he has your correspondence, which would make it hot for the other man. He simply runs with the hare and hunts with the hounds.

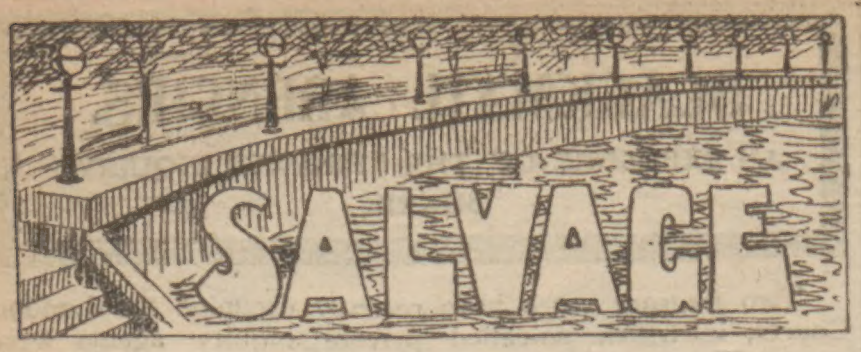
It is a positive fact that when a client calls on such an inquiry agent to set his machinery in operation against a third person, the "agent" promptly sends a man to ask that third person if the firm cannot assist him, as they have *heard* (it is not explained how) that some sort of action is going to be taken against him.

In this connection, a candid ex-employee of such an inquiry agent told me this story.

A man went to his employer to have his wife watched. He suspected her of infidelity. The agent made inquiries and found the woman in question to be perfectly innocent. This did not suit his book at all, so he sent a man along who hid himself under the woman's bed (she lived in a flat apart from her husband). This delightful creature appeared during the night, and only consented to go away and say nothing after a large sum of money had been paid over. And since then, the poor woman has been systematically blackmailed.

Moral: When blackmailed, or in trouble of any sort, go to your own solicitor, and *not* to the "private inquiry" shark.

E. C. GIBSON.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

At two a.m. on the Embankment there was hardly a soul to be seen.

A man walking slowly along the shadowy pavement on the side of the road farthest from the river suddenly came to a halt and looked observantly in both directions.

There was a policeman on duty at the corner near Westminster Bridge; near the tram shelter two men were standing; away, shuffling in the other direction, was a bent and ragged woman. For the purpose which the watching man had in view there was no one near enough to interfere.

He rapidly crossed the road. He pursued his way along by the road for some distance till he came to some steps which led down to the wharf and the riverside.

Down these he turned swiftly, and pausing at the river's brink, looked quickly over his shoulder. No one had followed him.

He delayed for a moment to take his last look at the heavens. They were wide and deep and beautiful, gemmed with stars. A choking sensation of regret rose in his throat, a vast unspeakable futility filled him.

"It is no good," he said at last. "No good."

He inhaled a deep breath, and slowly stooping, bound his ankles together with a silk pocket-handkerchief.

Suddenly he felt a light plucking of his sleeve—a pull which altered to a convulsive grip.

"What are you going to do?" asked a voice in a breathless whisper.

He turned and saw that his interrupter was a woman—a frail young woman, dressed in an unobtrusively well-cut costume, with a white face under the shadow of her hat.

For a second or more he stared at her with dilated eyes. "What do you mean—what am I going to do?" he asked.

She pointed without speaking to the handkerchief. He stooped and tore it off.

"I was going to do nothing," he harshly denied. "Do you hear me? I was going to do nothing."

They stared at each other, the water lapping softly at their feet.

"Oh, very well, then," she said, half-inarticulately. "I thought—goodbye."

Releasing his arm, she turned to mount the steps. He spoke again, harshly.

"Why did you follow me?"

"I—I did not follow you."

A silence. He took a step towards her.

"Why did you come down here then?" he demanded. "It is the middle of the night—no one about—you ought to be at home in bed."

"I came to look at the water," she said. She was motionless, gazing down at him from a little way up the stone steps, with eyes wide open and fixed.

Something sped home to his understanding, an illuminating flash, a barb of intuition. He clutched her skirt and his face lost all vestige of grimness, becoming in an instant pleading and almost gentle.

"You came here for the same purpose as I," he said. "Didn't you?"

"What was that?"

"I haven't the courage to tell you."

"I—will tell you of my own intention if you like. I came here to—drown myself." She spoke with great difficulty, but simply.

"And I, too. I am tired of life. I was tying my ankles together because—I swim very well; and I was afraid I might, automatically, you know——"

"Yes, I understand," she said.

"Can you swim?" he asked her.

"No."

"It would have been easier for you, then."

"Yes," she said.

A pause. They gazed at each other in a curious silence. There is nothing like the proximity of death to bring about a quick sympathy and absence of reserve.

"What are you going to do now?" he asked her.

"I don't know. I can hardly—while you are there. I suppose—somewhere else, a little later on. You were here first, you know."

"Yes," he assented, doubtfully, "but——"

"This is a very complicated situation," he added.

"Is it?"

"You see, if you were to throw yourself in here now I should be bound instinctively to save you. Similarly, I can't let you go away from me if you intend to carry out the same determination somewhere else. I should feel myself an accessory before the fact."

"But if you are yourself commiting suicide here?"

"True," he admitted. "But, you see—er—really, I couldn't die happily under those circumstances."

"You weren't going to die happily in any case, were you?"

"N—no," he said, embarrassed by her unemotional directness. "But you," he said. "You are surely not in earnest?"

"Absolutely," she answered.

"I am sorry. I would rather have believed—that you—a young girl—oh, it seems horrible! For me it doesn't matter. I'm worn out, useless—an encumbrance to the earth, benefiting it by departing. But you! You're young—and pretty. It must have been a sad thing which has brought you to this pass—to this sad misbelief in all the world and all things that are in it that——"

"Hush!" she said. "It was." She made a slight entreating gesture. "Don't question me," she asked.

"You are determined?"

"Unshakeably so."

He checked his breath, appraising her now with keen eyes, the eyes of a man who can handle emergency.

"Shall I tell you my story?" he pursued, gently. "It can all be told in a single word: A woman."

"And mine was a man."

"What did he do to you?"

"He made me believe that he loved me, and then proved it had always been a lie."

"And mine," said the man, "made a plaything of my love—tossed it about like a ball—and then married somebody else. She was heartless to the point of evil."

"Do you not love her still?"

"I hate her so much that all life is hateful—made unendurable by her memory."

"I love my—man and shall love him till the end."

"That is like a woman. He's worthless, of course, like most men."

She nodded slightly. She put her foot on the next step. Her face was very pitiful and weary.

"Don't do it," he urged, pressing closer. "You are so young. I would almost forego my own determination if you would promise. Have you not thought how horrible the water will be? Cold, cold, a slimy cruelty about it, and an icy battling with the sick sense of failure inside you. And then afterwards the stiff corpse laid out in a mortuary—the vulgar starers. You, *you*, alive at this moment, will be *that*."

"I know," she whispered, shuddering. "But there will be no pain once I am dead."

"You would try to save yourself—once you were in the water. You would wish you had not cared. You'd see life precious, even with a certain spring of it dried up or tainted by this man of whom you speak. Life is a river made up by many springs. Won't you consider—while there is yet time?"

"You, too," she said.

She bent down her head, and looked close into his eyes. "You, too," she repeated.

"Do you understand what that means?" he whispered, hoarsely. "Do you *see*?"

"No."

"It means—I matter to you. It means—something outside yourself. Once you have *that*—something that matters to you—you can't want to die. It's unnatural. It's impossible."

"Do I matter to you?" she whispered, bending lower.

"God knows you do! He has not sent us here—to meet—without a purpose. Let us, in humility, accept His help and try once more. . . . Shall we?"

He felt her tear-drops raining on his face. She bent still lower and kissed him.

THE SCIENCE of POACHING

ILLICIT METHODS OF CAPTURING PHEASANTS, HARES, AND RABBITS.

It is impossible for any sportsman either to write or read about poachers without showing some admiration for their woodcraft and their skill in catching game, even though he wishes it were used to better purpose.

This article is not the confession of a poacher. Perhaps I have, for sheer want of excitement and devilment, accompanied poachers on their illegal journeys, but as it is possible there is no statute of limitations for such an offence, I deem it prudent not to say too much as to when, and where, I acquired my information.

The successful poacher is a keen observer of the habits of birds and beasts, and no one understands animal nature better than he. Unless he possesses such knowledge, he is but a novice in the art.

HIS FELLOW-CONSPIRATOR

His dog, too, commonly known as a lurcher, is up to every trick on the board. He never needs speaking to; a mere wave of the hand will suffice to tell what is required of him, and, what is more essential, a well-trained lurcher never utters a sound whilst at work. This type of dog is the greatest triumph of animal training. Another of his most valuable assets is that he will never recognise his own master in the presence of a stranger. Should anyone approach whilst poaching is going on, the dog, ever on the alert, gives warning, not by sound, but by going in the opposite direction to his master.

A professional poacher has pride, and rarely stoops to rabbit-catching, leaving that branch of the business to the gipsy, who is usually a past-master in the art of setting traps or snares.

It is very rare that a rabbit bolts from its hole—that is, of course, unless there is a ferret or stoat behind it—but comes out cautiously, smelling the ground as it proceeds. The rabbit has a very keen sense of smell, and knows where human hand has touched. The gipsy understands this, and before proceeding to set a snare he will always rub his hands with moist earth, or in the case of using a trap will smooth the earth and rake the leaves over with a stick, never using the fingers.

WHOLESALE RABBIT-CATCHING.

If the professional poacher does, owing to the absence of other and more profitable game, stoop to catching rabbits, he does it wholesale. In the evening, when he knows the rabbits are out feeding, he will set his net at the head of a cover. As likely as not it is fifty feet or more long, and the meshes are, owing to the failing light, almost invisible. He then sends his dog to drive the rabbits back. Suddenly they come in tens or scores and run straight into the net they cannot see. There is a sound of struggling and a great pattering of feet, but the rabbit once he has his head through the mesh of the net cannot escape, and a sharp tap on the back of the head does the rest.

With hares the procedure is somewhat different. With a signal from the poacher the dog goes to find a hare. In the meantime the poacher sets his nets where, by woodcraft, he knows the "puss" will run. Perhaps it is in a gateway or a stile, or maybe a gap in the hedge, but anyway, if all goes well, the hare is in the bag before she has even time to squeal.

DAYLIGHT DEPREDATORS.

In outstanding copses far from the road, which keepers visit perhaps only once a day, daylight poaching is not unknown. Then, in the grass or undergrowth, the run of the pheasant or hare can plainly be seen. Here the poacher sets wire snares fitted with a stop loop, which holds the quarry tight and yet does not strangle it. Poachers always endeavour to catch pheasants alive.

Another method is to put up a light hedge of twigs and bramble across the copse. This being a somewhat lengthy job, it is usually done over night. In this hedge are a number of holes large enough for a pheasant to pass through, and on the other side is a sensitive snare. Sometimes a few grains of corn, carefully scattered, are used to entice the birds, but an older and more clever way is for the poacher to get in a corner of the covert and then, by lightly hitting two sticks together, drive the birds before him, never making enough noise to alarm them into flight.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

The keen excitement experienced in poaching is ten-fold increased when the operations take place at night. A favourable time is when the air is frosty and the clouds prevent the moon from becoming too bright. Then, with his air-gun or fowling-piece, the poacher will make his way to a covert where he knows that pheasants are to be found perched on the branches of the leafless oak or under the heavy boughs of a fir tree. On a spruce fir, where the branches are low, pheasants can easily be killed with a hard, accurate blow from a cudgel, or even caught with one hand, whilst his cackling is prevented with the other. On the oak tree, where they perch higher, the gun is necessary. Silhouetted against the moonlight they make an easy target.

Of course, if a fowling-piece is used there is the risk of the shot being heard. However, ears are very deceptive when suddenly startled at night, and by the time the keeper can make up his mind from which direction the report came, the poacher is far away.

Even if things came to the worst, and the keeper does happen on the spot, the rough and tumble which follows adds zest to the sport, and in wrestling or fighting the poacher often shows that poaching is not the only gentle art at which he is adept.

A. R. R. V. Fewkes.

RACING APPRENTICES.

THE TRAINING OF FUTURE JOCKEYS.

Every year well over three thousand horses line up at the starting-gates all over England, and almost every one of these has its own "boy" or apprentice, who rides it at exercise, attends to it in the stable, and "does" it generally; but the percentage of these lads who get the chance of riding their charges in an actual race is an extremely small one.

Merit, however, or even promise, is readily perceived by trainers, and the latter, when they observe these things, are not slow to foster them. They begin at once to give the boy in question chances to ride in trials and races on the home training ground, whereby he rapidly gains experience in race-riding finesse. Finally, if he displays real aptitude, he is given mounts in public, provided his weight is suitable, and, in an extreme minority of cases, contrives to figure at the end of the season on that gloriously exclusive list of "Winning Jockeys," of course with the asterisk after his name that shows he is an apprentice.

Boys who are the sons of trainers are especially lucky, for they naturally have the very kindliest interest taken in them at an early age. Frank and Stanley Wootton spring at once into one's mind as cases in point.

Even when quite small children such lucky youngsters will be coached in the art of race-riding by their fathers, the child probably on a small pony and the parent on his hack. The Chifneys, Sam the elder and Sam the ydunger, provide another instance. In the latter's early youth the former used to teach him, in the manner described above, on a three hundred yards prepared track, and a writer tells us that "Every phase of finishing was compressed within the lesson. Sam would make the running, and then his father would get to his girths, take a pull, and initiate him in the mysteries of a set-to. The tactics would then be reversed and Sam taught to get up and win by a head in the last stride and to nurse his pony and come with a tremendous rush."

No apprentice can, of course, ride in races without a licence, which has to be applied for annually, and for which he has to pay ten shillings, as his subscription to the Bentinck Benevolent and Provident Fund. During his apprentice days he is not supposed to be entitled to any fees, unless a special agreement is made; but, in any case, an owner hardly ever fails to reward him substantially for a win or place finish.

SWINDLES

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS. By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

5.—FIRST-CLASS TO EDINBURGH ON NOTHING.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men or women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

"Nothing" is not strictly accurate, but it's near enough, for all I possessed was a bad sovereign, a bad half-crown, and one good penny. On this little lot I had decided on a trip to Edinburgh. I had never been there, and the change of scene and air would be a pleasant one; besides which I had been long enough on the crook to appreciate the advantage of being able to show a genuine familiarity with the topography of different localities—by such familiarity you can give just the touch of verisimilitude that makes a fairy tale convincing.

Besides this again, I had an idea that "auld Reekie" would be a very good venue for a new and original swindle I was thinking of working. So I was Northward bound for the one city that is incomparable in all Europe. I might have to reach it in stages, but I meant to reach it and to do myself well *en route*.

PREPARATIONS.

My penny went in paying for the tram ride to King's Cross. In the car I swopped my bad thick 'un for a good half thick 'un, in a very gentlemanly, easy, and pleasant manner. Before starting, I had snipped a hole in my right-hand trousers pocket. That was my only preparation. I carried my three coins in my ticket-pocket.

I rode inside, and sized up my fellow-passengers to "spot the winner" of my spurious sov. I confined my keen, though apparently casual, scrutiny to the men among them, for there's a low kind of cunning about women that makes them flier to a fake than they are supposed to be by the men flats who kid themselves that they know a thing or two.

There were eight or nine men in the car, but only one who looked as though he knew himself too sharp to be had—the very sort of bounder for my purpose. But was he worth the ten bob I had to get out of somebody? On this point I was reassured when the conductor came round for the fares, for the chap I had my eyes on made quite a display of the handful of coins from which he picked the penny for his ticket, and among the coppers I caught the glint of the smallest gold piece that is minted.

CUPIDITY.

He was seated just right—almost, but not quite opposite to me. Behind the cover of the conductor's back, I stooped and noiselessly deposited my counterfeit pound on the floor, instantly hiding it with my foot, which I removed from it at a watched- and waited-for moment.

He spotted it in a flash, and in another flash he stooped and grabbed it, just as I uttered an ejaculation he could scarcely disregard.

"Yours, sir?" he asked, hesitatingly, holding the coin between his fingers.

"Eh?"—and I dived my hands into my pockets.

He did the same thing, and began counting over his money. Now, as he knew perfectly well that he hadn't dropped that "sovereign," his procedure was a farce, and he was proving already that if he could work the oracle, he wouldn't be above sticking to "what wasn't his'n." So were other man who were making a show of going through their pockets. I looked into my empty purse, and put it back.

ARGUMENT.

"It couldn't have slipped out of *that*," I said. "But now I think of it, I believe I put a loose sov. in . . . Ah! look here," turning my right-hand trousers pocket inside out to show the hole. "It must have slipped down my leg and rolled out just here where my foot is."

"And mine, too. But, of course . . . if you're quite sure" . . . and he reluctantly held the coin out towards me. In the act of taking it, I checked myself.

"But about yourself, sir?" I asked. "Are you quite convinced that . . ."

"Oh, if it comes to that, I can only say . . ."

"You mean that you don't know how much you . . ."

"Well, I really don't. But all the same . . ."

"No, sir"—and now I spoke firmly. "Like you, I couldn't swear positively as to how much I brought out with me. Whether you or I dropped this money—and nobody else claims it"—here most of the other men looked sorry they didn't—"you saw it first. I should never have spotted it myself, for I was just rising to get out. Damn it! I hope I sha'n't miss my appointment"—here I got up—"I wouldn't do so for *fifty* pounds. If you won't agree to halves—give me half a sov. and keep that sov.—you'd better . . ."

I was going to chance it on "stick to the lot." But his half-quid was in my palm. In two ticks I'd nipped off the car.

14 PENCE AND 30 MINUTES IN HAND.

There may have been a little more talk than I have recalled, but not much. The deal was a quick one, and, naturally, in the hurry of the would-be bester to make a clear ten shillings out of an innocent like me, he didn't submit the dummy to the examination it had failed to pass in all my previous attempts to get rid of it. One publican had threatened to give me in charge—an experience which had put me up to the safer dodge that had proved so successful.

With the half-crown, though, I had to run the old risk of rejection; but I minimised it by choosing a half-blind old woman for the other party to a transaction by which I benefited to the extent of a newspaper and two-and-fivepence.

I took a first-class single to Peterborough, with half-an-hour to spare before the train started. The ticket cost me eleven and threepence, so that I had in hand exactly one and twopence—besides the thirty minutes—with which and within which to provide myself with some luggage. You can't go to Edinburgh for a few weeks without some luggage.

PROVIDING HIMSELF WITH LUGGAGE.

Pinching bags at English railway termini is still easy; it was even easier a few years ago. Portable property is poorly protected now—it was protected yet more poorly then, and I didn't anticipate much difficulty. As a matter of fact, there is little or nothing to be proud of in the way in which I sneaked the big portmanteau that I made my property first, but I must, with all modesty, claim that the neat little game I played in afterwards possessing myself of a small, handsome travelling valise was distinguished by both originality and audacity.

The train had drawn up alongside the platform, and first of all I took my seat and lit up the cigar I'd just bought (the sixpence I paid for it reducing me to eightpence). A first-class passenger smoking a cigar has, over a third-class passenger smoking a woodbine or a pipe, an advantage which extends to the lay I was on. Remaining in the carriage only just long enough to be noticed by a few of the passing porters (there might be a point in this when I should have occasion to order one of them), I got out and sauntered up and down, halting after a few turns at the rear luggage-van.

PITY POOR PETERS.

Just inside this I noticed a large portmanteau on the top of a big trunk. A closer look revealed the labelled information that they were the belongings of Mr. Peters, and that Mr. Peters was a passenger to Grantham (thirty miles or so beyond Peterborough). Good. I didn't want the trunk, but the big bag would do nicely. Walking forward, I stood by the door of my carriage and beckoned to a porter.

"Was it you, porter," I drawled, "who put a black trunk and a brown portmanteau in the van there just now, labelled for Grantham?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you can't very well mistake them. I think I'll have the bag in here after all."

"Any name on it, sir?"

"Peters"—and he was back with the portmanteau in about a minute.

"Shove it up in the rack."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir"—and the bag was mine for a tanner. Simplicity itself. Even if Peters had happened

(*Continued on page 624.*)

Farewell to the "Terriers"

A TROOPER'S GOOD-BYE.

"The Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry.

"Dear Sir,

"All time-expired men who wish to continue their services after March 31, 1912, must attend at the Drill Hall at 7.30 sharp on Monday next."

Such was the communication which I had received from headquarters, and which meant to me the end of my military career. After four years' service a variety of circumstances prevented me from signing on again, and I was reluctantly compelled to leave the service in which I had spent some of the happiest days of my life. Ah, well, it must be, and I must start the most painful duty I have ever had to perform in my short military career; that is, to pack up my uniform and equipment and return them to Stores.

After four years, it is no slight work, and I am devoting the whole of a wet Saturday afternoon to the sad event. Here I am, in the box-room and in my bedroom, hunting up all my military belongings. First of all, I come across my two tunics of khaki service serge, which I shall fold carefully and put in the bottom of my kit-bag for the last time. One of the tunics bears the old regimental buttons, and two of these, along with two cut from my scarlet tunic, I am keeping, as they will, when gold-plated, make an excellent pair of cuff-links, which will be an ever-present remembrance of my military career.

IN THE TARRED TROUGH.

As I pack my kit-bag I must make a list, so that I shall know that I am returning all that is against my name at headquarters. After the two khaki tunics I come across their accompanying riding breeches, and notice across the knees of one of the pairs two big black patches. How well I remember how that came about! It was at Rhyl four years ago. We were taking the horses down to the trough for water, and I, against orders, was riding mine instead of leading it. Nearing the trough, my horse made a sudden rush forward, and I, a recruit that year, was thrown clean into the middle of the trough, which was newly tarred, and I was liberally spread with it in my attempts to climb out, amidst the laughing remarks of my fellow-troopers. I can assure you that I did not disobey orders (in that respect at any rate) during the remainder of that camp.

Next I will put in my scarlet tunic and overalls, and I am reminded of the many happy occasions upon which I have worn them; regimental dinners, annual balls, &c.

HIS CHERISHED WHIP.

Then I come across a memento which I *must* keep, as it is partly responsible for my resignation—I mean my riding-switch. It was a present from *her* when I met her at my second camp—but that is another story.

In go two pairs of puttees, or rather three puttees and a few stringy bits of khaki which were once a puttee. These fragments are all that remain of one puttee, and it is a relic of the most unpleasant experience I have had with the Territorials. It was on Salisbury Plain three years ago. There was a stampede of our horses in a very heavy thunderstorm, and in the pouring rain we were out from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. searching for the runaways, and I had to use my puttee to bandage up the injured fetlock joints of two of the injured horses which I found about twelve miles from camp. Stores issued two pairs of puttees to me, and two pairs must go back; so in go the little bits of khaki rag to count as one puttee.

MEMORIES OF THE S.S.M.

I can see the smile of the Sergeant-Major as he comes across them; he will well remember the occasion, I know, for was it not he who, always looking to the welfare of his men, came round to us in the pouring rain with a good supply of rum-and-coffee to refresh us after our nasty experience?

Then in go my field service cap, khaki slouch hat, grooming kit, two pairs of spurs, one pair of gloves, shoulder and waist bandoliers, waist-belt, water bottle, haversack, &c. My helmet, sword, and great-coat I am making into a separate parcel.

Then last, but not least, on the top of an almost bursting kit-bag, a box of cigars for the best sergeant-major who ever drilled a squadron. How he was grumbled at by his men, yet how they loved him; they would do anything for him if it was necessary. Stern and disciplined at work he always is, but always just and without favour, and off-duty the very best of chums.

I can still hear his gruff loud voice at my first riding drill. "Stand to your horses; prepare to mount; MOUNT!" he would roar, and off we would go round the riding school, more or less like several Danny Mahers, his quick eye, and if necessary, his long whip, always following us.

He missed nothing. "Now, then, my lad," he would shout with a peculiar twitch of his lips, which was a characteristic of his, and which I think was an endeavour to hide a smile—"Now, then, my lad, don't whisper sweet nothings into your horse's ears; he don't like it. Sit farther back, you'll get a longer ride. Now, then, Brown, don't bob up and down like a pea on a drum. Smith, what *are* you doing? *Ride* your horse, man; you're not on a typewriter now. Jackson, *do* keep that blessed sewing machine of yours in the ranks; you're throwing the whole squad wrong. Good heavens! Benson, get inside the blessed thing and pull down the blinds; *you'll* never make a cross-country jockey." And so on, his quick tongue never still, but never really offensive, and after the drill he has a word of appreciation and encouragement for everyone.

WHY THE TERRITORIAL GRUMBLES?

My word! if he could read this, he would smile after all the grumbling I have done about him at various times. But then it is part of the enjoyments of a Terrier to grumble about something which he is really enjoying.

Well, my painful job is finished, and I am wistfully addressing a label to headquarters.

I shall feel it when the boys are off to camp this year, but I have one consolation at any rate; *she* wishes that we should spend our honeymoon at the same time as the boys are at camp, so that I can be amongst them again for a short time at any rate. She's a sport, isn't she? And so I am ending my military career after having spent the happiest days of my life so far amongst the best chums in the world.

For the first time I now sign myself,

"EX-TROOPER."

RINGSIDE NOTES.

PARAGRAPHS ABOUT PROMINENT PUGILISTS.

The "Ring," Dick Burge's hall in the Blackfriars Road, was the scene of last week's most sensational contest. The occasion was the return meeting between Frank Moran, the punishing heavy-weight from Pittsburg, U.S.A., and Fred Storbeck, the South African champion. The American's style suggests cleverness in avoiding trouble and powerful punching rather than really good all-round boxing science, and as Storbeck from the first showed that he was going to specialise in close-quarters work, it looked as though Moran's elusiveness was going to be tested to the full.

For the first eight rounds or so the South African, whose unfortunate indiscretion after the end of one of the rounds in his last fight with Moran will be remembered, was boxing well and leading on points. He missed a lot of good openings, however, and doubtless, when the end came, he felt like kicking himself very hard indeed for not having grasped a victory when it offered itself. In the twelfth round Moran asserted himself, hitting his opponent, who had now his right eye bunged up and was very groggy, almost as and when he liked. Storbeck visited the floor twice, once for a count of nine, and then Moran let him have a pile-driving right-hand punch that knocked him right out.

The 26th of the present month is to provide one of the most interesting contests that London will have seen for a long day, for then the N.S.C. will bring together Digger Stanley, the English bantam-weight champion, and Boyo Driscoll. The latter has at last managed to get inside 8st 6lb without undue deterioration of stamina, his disability to manage which has hitherto been one of the obstacles to a meeting between these very clever men.

"STRAIGHT LEFT."

GOLFING HAZARDS

DIFFERENT KINDS, AND HOW TO DEAL WITH THEM.

By

H. F. COWLEY, of Thames Ditton.

When a ball has been played from the tee—especially by a beginner—and it is chiefly for beginners that this article is intended—there is an almost infinite variety of places in which it may come to earth.

On most courses, if it is hit squarely on the proper line, it can be relied upon to lie pretty well; but if it is "duffed," it is pretty sure to be in some "hazard" or other.

Say, for instance, that it lands in one of the very many indentations or "cups" in the turf, which are found even on the best regulated links, in such a case, it should by no means be hit in the same way as a fair-lying ball.

JERKING THE BALL.

In the case of only a slight "cup," the driver may be used, but where it is at all deep, a brassie or cleek will be needed, for their sloping faces are indispensable here.

Stand with the ball just a wee thing nearer the right foot than usual, and grip your club just a little tighter. Remember that if you hit the ball in the same way as you would if it were lying fair, you will either hit it slightly on the top, owing to the "cup," or else drive it against the opposite side of the latter.

Instead, you should swing a little more downward than usual, in such a way as to glance the face of the club in between the back of the "cup" and the "pill." Here, of course, the "follow through" goes, not into the air, but into the ground, but this does not happen until the ball is away. Such a stroke is known as jerking the ball.

BUNKERED.

A "hanging ball" is a ticklish customer. He lies fairly, but on a downward slope. This stroke should be played in the same way as the previous one, except, of course, for the fact that the club does not strike the ground after contact with the ball, the "follow through" going into the air.

"Bunkered" is the condition which leads, perhaps, to the greatest number of swears on a golf course. As we all know, a bunker is a sand-hole, generally artificially made, and with a built-up face, otherwise a long ridge of earth guarding the pit of sand.

Here, the first question a player asks himself is, or ought to be, "Should I play the ball over the bunker, or backwards, or else scoop it out sideways on to the grass again?" It all depends on the width of the sand pit, and the height and distance away of the bunker-face.

LIFTING IT FORWARD.

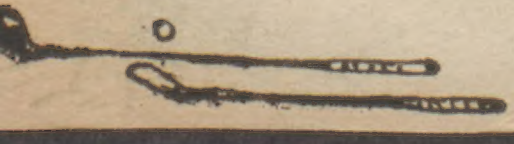
If the ball is right under the face, the only thing to do is to play it out to the sides. However, if it is not too deeply imbedded, and a fair distance from the bunker-face, it is possible to lift it over in a forward direction. This is how it should be done.

The niblick, or heavy mashie, is the club to use here; and the stroke should be a firm, hard, downward and slightly forward one, *on the sand* immediately behind the ball. Remember, in this case, to fix your eye on that particular spot; and not on the ball, for once. Correctly played, this stroke will make the ball shoot forward and over the bunker.

Another very bad lie which is sometimes met with is where the ball is in a deep indentation—a heelmark, for instance, under a fence or hedge. Do not despair of getting it over the latter, for, with practice, it will be easily accomplished.

Strike the ball sharply with an iron putter downwards against the opposite side of the heelmark. Hit hard, it will bounce up out and over the hedge or fence. But after hitting get away quickly for fear the ball might be deflected by your body or your club.

HERBERT F. COWLEY.



MY NOTEBOOK.

MONGRELS. A reader asks me to put in a good word for the mongrel. "I notice frequently in your paper," he says, "descriptions of various breeds of dogs, with particulars of their points. I hope you do not despise the dog which, like mine, is all points, because mine, I believe, has the worst points of every known breed. The mongrel has its virtues, and any of your readers who want a really companionable dog could not do better than buy a cross-bred."

I quite agree with my friend in regard to his opinion of the mongrel's intelligence. One of the fox-terriers which has acknowledged me as owner, was a particularly likeable little beast. I call him a fox-terrier with certain reservations. That was the breed he resembled most, but he was by no means a show specimen. He was mostly smooth-haired, but a strain of the rough-haired fox came out in him in places, and particularly round the sides of his head, which gave him an absurd appearance of having white mutton-chop whiskers. Moreover, his ears were too long, and when he favoured you with his attention, he pricked up one of them and let the other half hang down. His legs were much too long for a fox-terrier, and his tail was not of the fashionable style.

Yet, in spite of his defects, he was one of the most companionable dogs I have ever had. He was thoroughly sporting, and had a turn of speed which I have never known any other fox-terrier to possess. Poor little chap, I was genuinely sorry when he committed suicide by dashing at a motor-car. Running out at vehicles was a thing of which I could never cure him.

CRITICISM. Nevertheless, though a man may admit that his dog is an absolute mongrel, he does not usually like other people to say so.

I have in my office a very nice little water-colour sketch of the terrier about which I have been telling you. One day, a contributor, who is an expert on dogs, spotted the picture, and not supposing the subject of it was of any particular interest to me, exclaimed, "Good gracious! What's that? A whippet or what?" I remarked that it was a dog which I had previously owned, and forthwith turned the subject to something else.

When I come to think of it afterwards, I could scarcely see why I should have been annoyed at his remark, but I certainly was, and I suppose most of us are displeased when our pets are adversely criticised, even although we may say hard things of them ourselves at times.

ANOTHER DOG. Talking of dogs reminds me of a bulldog which I once had. He was enormously fat, and was as full of good points as the terrier was of bad. A local fancier told me that I ought to take him for long walks in order to develop his shoulders, so I used to trot him out of an evening for four or five miles and back again.

Like many other fat dogs, he was very lazy, and by the time we reached the third milestone he refused point blank to go any further. He indicated the position by lying down directly in front of me; more than once I have nearly tripped over him under these circumstances.

The cure was quite a simple matter. It was my habit to pick him up and carry him for about a hundred yards and then set him down again, when he would trot on quite happy and content for another few miles.

For some reason, best known to himself, he seemed to be under the impression that after being carried for a bit he had turned the corner, and was on the homeward road.

I still vividly remember the way he used to grunt in contentment when I carried him in my arms, and his breath used to come out in sloppy puffs owing to the unusual position of his mouth, as for obvious reasons I carried him back lowermost.

He was beautiful in his ugliness, and was very much admired by those who understood a bull-dog's points, but he lacked the intelligence of the cross-bred terrier which succeeded him, and I am inclined to think with my correspondent that intelligence in a dog is more important than good looks.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

FERRIS'S MISSION.

A FURTHER ADVENTURE OF THE KING OF KNAVES.

By E. WADE-LANG.

Ferris watched all the important newspapers as a cat watches a mouse. He said to me one breakfast-time:

"There's an interesting 'agony' in this morning's 'Daily Post.' Just listen.

"'Gentleman of resolution and tact required to undertake delicate mission. Perfectly consistent with honour, but ingenuity and courage indispensable. Remuneration handsome. Apply, with credentials, Box 2023, Offices, "Daily Post."'

"What do you think of it?" asked Ferris.

"Not much good to us, if 'perfectly consistent with honour,'"

"But mark the next phrase, man. 'Ingenuity and courage indispensable.' Does the combination of ingenuity and courage suggest anything to you but crime?"

"Possibly," I replied dubiously, "but perhaps we're prejudiced. Will it strike other people the same?"

"Let us hope not. Then when they find out that everything is not straightforward and genuine a big majority of the inquirers will be ruled out, and the residue—small, among the residue, Daffy, you and I ought to stand an excellent chance."

"What if it's a police plant?" I asked.

"If it is, and we missed a chance of digging it up, we ought to be made priests for our sins."

"You're fixed on making further inquiries into the matter, then?"

"I certainly am—especially as to the advertiser's idea of what constitutes a handsome remuneration.' If his conception and mine should flagrantly disagree, we'll quit out and refuse to take a hand."

"How do you propose to get into touch?" I asked.

"By wiring. A ten bob wire—with as much said as he'll want to know, without actually giving ourselves away—and a prepaid reply to the barber's in Longtail Row. We'll get a reply either to-day or to-morrow."

"You're sanguine," said I; but then Ferris was never anything else.

Sure enough, his message, which I did not see, produced an answer—an invitation to an interview—which I heard nothing about till it had taken place.

"Don't growl at being left out, Daffy," remonstrated Ferris, with his inimitable air of penitence. "The business was doubtful, and I had to reconnoitre it carefully before deciding to take any risks. Even so, it's much better for one to run risks than two."

"Remember that," said I, grimly, "the next time you're cutting through a safe door and want somebody by to keep work the oxygen. But go ahead."

"One fact that will surprise you," said Ferris, twinkling at my restrained ill-temper, "is that the advertiser is a woman."

"Oh, a woman, is it?"

"And though it will land us in 'jug' if we bungle it."

"What's the work?"

"It ought to appeal to your chivalry, but I'm sadly afraid you're too callously unsentimental to appreciate it. Let me add, however, that there's a thousand pounds reward attaching to success."

"Be as chivalrous or sarcastic as you please," said I, "as long as we lay hands on the specie."

"Be as chivalrous or sarcastic as you please," said I, "as long as we lay hands on the specie."

"It's an abduction case, Daffy. The woman is a divorcée; and her husband—or late husband—has custody of the only che-ild. Naturally her mother's heart yearns passionately for the possession of her offspring, and also, I don't doubt, for a neat way of scoring off the father. She is as determined as only a defeated woman can be, and has made arrangement to bolt to the East Indies in a yacht, which some obliging and sympathetic friend will lend her. I understand that there are heaps of money on both sides of the case, and expenses may be piled up ad lib. Carte blanche, so long as the kiddie is 'lifted' and delivered within twenty-eight days from now!"

"What is it? A boy or a girl?"

"A boy."

"How old?"

"Six."

"Have you definitely got the job?"

"I pointed out distinctly that only finished rogues like ourselves could successfully carry it out. She was not very particular about who or what we were so long as the job was done. I told her sufficient of our career to warrant her placing implicit confidence in us. All that now remains is for us to go down to the place where the boy is staying—it is at Rustington, near Worthing—observe the ways and habits of the household and what watch, if any, is kept upon the boy, and then advise her of the time it will be convenient to collar him, and await instructions as to where she wishes him delivered."

"Very straightforward and businesslike." I concurred. "When do you propose to start?"

"Now," said Ferris.

II.

Littlehampton is nearer to Rustington than Worthing, in spite of the latter place owning the honour of the postal address; and at Littlehampton we put up at a quiet obscure hotel, and in two days had found out much of what we had come south to ascertain.

The boy lived in a good-sized modern house, standing in an extensive garden far back from the road. From the beauty and the profusion of the flower-beds, and the several summer arbours, and the numerous shrubs and trees, it was clear that the boy's father had a conspicuous taste in garden culture. That he was ignorant of what designs were afoot was obvious from the fact that the boy was allowed to go out walking, accompanied only by a nurse who would have been useless as a defender.

The father, too, it came to our ears, was but now recovering from a severe attack of prostration, due, it was assumed, to the tension and painfulness of the trial. He went out but little—seldom beyond the precincts of the grounds; and many predicted that he was sinking into the life of a recluse.

All seemed ridiculously plain-sailing, therefore; and you can imagine my astonishment when on the third day, after having evaded my company during the afternoon, Ferris, seedily dressed, returned to the hotel with the intimation that he had asked for—and obtained—a position of under-gardener on the estate, the better, as he put it, "to keep an eye on happenings, and to ensure, without possibility of failure, an artistic completion to our enterprise."

I am afraid I was not respectful towards the need of elaborate precautions.

"My dear chap," said Ferris, "there's more in this than meets the optic. What should you say to a secret detective

on the premises?—a lynx-eyed watcher of everything the youngster does? "

I stared with more interest into the inscrutable blue eyes and nodded my head in silence.

" Your part is to be always within easy distance of the hotel, so that a message, if sent, will reach you. I'm going back to London to-night to arrange about the hire of a powerful car; and to run it down myself, so that, stored at an adjacent garage, you can get it out at a mement's notice. I want all in readiness for when the job comes off, for in all probability it will be a quick busy time for us—telephones and telegraphs buzzing and the very devil to pay if we're not clear within a remarkably short space of time."

" When do you start on the job? " I asked him, not bothering to inquire as to the means by which he had got his information, for Ferris was unique in managing little details of that sort.

" On Monday," said Ferris.

And it was not till nearly a fortnight after that day—a period of suspense and impatience for me—that the long-expected message came—came at ten o'clock one night, in the form of a telegram and from a region entirely unexpected.

It had been sent off from Brighton, and was no less startling in its contents.

" Lunch with me to-morrow in London, at usual place," was all it said.

And unless treachery had been at work, the signature was the code-signature of Ferris.

I only remembered the motor-car when I was about to start for the railway station in the morning. At the garage I was informed that the gentleman who had stored it had called and driven it away himself. What time? Oh, at about half-past four yesterday afternoon.

It was useless to speculate about such mystifying occurrences, but I was genuinely uneasy until I saw Ferris walking into the restaurant at one o'clock, unpretentiously dressed, and incomparably unconcerned.

He nodded and smiled, and then sitting down opposite in our habitual secluded corner, handed to me openly a bulky sealed envelope.

" Don't open it now, Daffy," he said. " There's a thousand in good English banknotes inside there, for you—as a sort of compensation for being unavoidably left out in the cold."

" What do you mean? " I said. " That you've brought off the job? "

" That's it."

" Well, I don't want *all*—I'm damned if I can see that I'm entitled to even a part." I was more angry with him than ever I had been before.

" Don't talk nonsense," he said, with that steely-eyed insolence which quickly brought a man to his senses. " You've got an equal share—there's a thousand for me as well. I'd no time to advise you yesterday when things began to happen; and just as it turned out, there was nothing that you could do.

" Understand first of all that the boy is still with his father. . . . Yes—and you've got a thousand and I've got a thousand. . . . You can praise me when you've heard my tale.

" The woman was a bad lot, Daffy, and not fit to have the custody of any child. I tumbled to it after I'd been talking to her no more than five minutes. She wanted to revenge herself on her husband for divorcing her, far more than to be reunited with her child. So the natural assumption was that the man was an unusually devoted parent.

" Unusually devoted parents will generally pay handsomely for the safe protection of their offspring. I called on him—you will remember the occasion—and represented myself as a private detective with some particular and exclusive news to impart. He was alarmed when I hinted at danger; he said he would pay anything—yes, willingly, two thousand—for the frustration of the plan that I proved to him was afoot. That was how I came to be taken on as the under-gardener—the lynx-eyed spy," and Ferris softly laughed.

" So you were doing the double all round? " said I. " The double on the woman, the double on the man, and the double on me."

" Not on the woman, old chap," corrected Ferris. " I wrote to her that the job was off, so far as I was concerned, mentioning as an excuse that the police were too close on my trail—and then I lay low waiting for the second innocent who would be employed in the job.

" He turned up yesterday—two of him and a closed motor-car, and a temporary disablement not far from the front gate—and there they stuck, lingering, quite evidently, [illegible] the boy should come out. I bolted down to the garage for the car, and drove it round to the back entrance; then sent out the unsuspecting nurse with her charge—and watched the pseudo-disabled car from a convenient window in the attic.

" I soon had to slither for my own car, for sure enough in less than five minutes they were under weigh. They chloroformed the nurse and left her under a hedge. We drove like the devil along the main Brighton road. They followed—the father and I—and caught them up about three miles from Brighton, had a breezy little altercation and relieved them of the little chap, wrapped up and almost smothered in voluminous scarves and coats.

" The mother was waiting for him at a certain hotel—but we didn't go there. . . . No; there was a certain steamer sailing from Southampton—and at the present moment the doting father and the disputacious son are on the high seas bound on a leisurely and enjoyable tour of the world.

" I've talked myself dry, Daffy. I hope you agree with me we deserve a most expensive lunch."

If you want to enjoy a good laugh, send a large stamped addressed envelope to " Nice Place," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and we shall forward you some of our famous catch postcards, free of all charge.

3rd 'CENTRES' COMPETITION

ANOTHER BICYCLE AND TEN HALF CROWNS FOR CLEVER "CENTRES."

NO ENTRANCE FEE.

We have pleasure in offering yet another bicycle for the best "Centre," and ten half crown consolation prizes for those which come next in merit.

The phrase from which you must form your "Centre" is "Skating Beginners."

If you examine these two words, you will find that the centre letters are "T" and "N" respectively. Now, we want you to form a phrase of two words beginning with "T" and "N" respectively, and bearing some relation in meaning to the phrase given.

The two words may be humorous, serious, or pathetic, whichever you like. For example, your "Centre" might be "Try Nervously," but don't use that one, for it is only an example.

If you prefer it, the first word may begin with "N" and the second with "T."

Write your "Centre" on the coupon for our 3rd "Centres" Competition appearing on page 610, and forward it to "3rd Centre," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, to reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday, February 20. The result will appear in our issue published on Monday, February 26.

Send as many attempts as you like, but each must be written on a separate coupon.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding this Competition.

The Editor's decision is final and binding in every respect and competitors may enter only on that understanding.

1st 'CENTRES' COMPETITION RESULT

The phrase set in our First "Centres" Competition was "Motor drivers." For his phrase "Verbally Talented" the bicycle offered in that competition has been awarded to Mr. [illegible] Watson, 10, Smyth Street, Wakefield.

Consolation prizes of half a crown each have been sent to the following, whose "Centres" came next in merit: Messrs. Percy Austwick, 5, Bedford Road, Newport, Mon.; William Heath, 3, Lever Avenue, Seacombe, Cheshire; Percy Huitt, 11, Goodhew Street, Meadow, Nottingham; J. E. Bennett, 3x, Villa Road, Handsworth, Birmingham; A. Turner, 13, Cruddas Terrace, Low-head-on-Tyne; A. S. Downs, 38, Town Street, Armley, Leeds; A. H. Rodier, 25, Grasmere Street, Longsight, Manchester; A. [illegible] Courtoney, Jun., 6, Chancellor Road, Dulwich; John Price, Malefant Street, Cardiff; E. A. Richards, Station View, Audley, Cheshire.

Are you a 30/- a week man?

Sir Hiram Maxim's startling accusations—Why are there so few men worth £5 a week?

THAT great inventor and keen business man, Sir Hiram Maxim, in a striking series of letters to the *Daily Express* makes some startling accusations against the modern business man. He says in effect that he, as an employer, can find thousands of men to fill jobs at 30s. a week, but that these men never improve, never become worthy of the positions at £5 a week.

And he says this is because the 30s. a week man never troubles to get any real knowledge of business. He does just what he *has* to do, and no more. But the serious part of the matter is that Sir Hiram is right.

Now once you admit that Sir Hiram Maxim is right, and that the 30s. a week man never rises because he never gets a real knowledge of his work, you should carry the principle a little further. You may smile at the shop assistant whom he describes who sold bottles of gum for years, and never noticed that they were labelled "mucilage," but he provides an object lesson to you, and there is one question you should ask yourself very seriously. Its answer may make a great difference to you if you mean to succeed.

In six words this question is:—

"What Do You Know About Business?"

At first sight you may be inclined to pooh-pooh the question, but unless you are a rare and brilliant exception—you will probably own, after a mortifying self examination, that it is precious little indeed of sound Business knowledge that you really know—confidently and surely enough to bank on.

Yet, without this Business knowledge, your chances of doing well for yourself in the business world are very poor ones indeed. With it, there is

No Position You Cannot Aspire to.

Without it you run the risk of being a 30s. a week man all your life, or, if not that, at any rate, a near approach to one.

Now what do *you* know about Business?

For instance, do you understand Bookkeeping thoroughly? Could you draw up a balance-sheet? Do you understand exactly how the financial position of a tradesman or a firm is determined from his books? Do you understand profit and loss account? Do you know when recovery of book debts is barred?

Do you know much about the Income-Tax? Do you know Company Law? Do you know the cost of the formation of a Company? The methods of amalgamation? Do you understand the conversion of shares into stock? Do you understand Compulsory Winding-up? Do you know all about County Court Business, Judgments, etc.?

Do you know how to start a Business? How to secure its credit, and to buy its equipment? How to organise its departments, build up its reputation, collect its debts, rake in its profits?

Yet these matters are Business knowledge. And if you want to make money in business you must either know them or know where you can get authoritative and complete and up-to-date information concerning them and concerning the thousand and one points of doubt or difficulty that beset the business man in the course of his business day.

Now What Are You to do?

You must get the "Business Encyclopædia."

You cannot do without it, whether you are an ambitious young man on the threshold of your commercial life or a mature business man who dreads that he may be crowded out of the Business fight owing to the present-day stress of competition. It gives you new ideas, and it enables you to put into successful practice your own ideas.

The subjects dealt with in the "Business Encyclopædia" include every phase of business in full technical detail. The legal documents most commonly needed are shown in actual facsimile insetted into the book. Card index and accounting systems for every business are illustrated and described in detail.

The "Business Encyclopædia," in short, supplies an experience so wide that no one man could ever possess it by any other means. The one great essential of modern business success is knowledge, the knowledge that the "Encyclopædia" has been designed to supply.

The Secrets of Success.

Whatever your business or position, the "Business Encyclopædia" can help you as nothing else can. To the junior it offers a knowledge far wider and far surer than any his Manager can have; to the Manager it lends knowledge and that equally valuable asset, confidence in his decisions.

If you are doubtful as to how the "Business Encyclopædia" can help you in your particular sphere, send for a book describing its contents more fully than there is space for here. It is sent to you free, and places you under no obligation to buy or even to inspect the books.

TWO OPINIONS.

Messrs. J. S. FRY and SONS, Ltd., Bristol, write:—

"The volumes have already proved of great use to us, and we would not be without them on any account. We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work."

Mr. G. W. READ, Clerk, Fortnam-road, London, N.:—

"I never made a more gratifying purchase. I regard the 'Business Encyclopædia' as a most profitable investment, and I very much regret that such a work did not come my way earlier in life."

A FREE BOOK.

We have prepared a handsomely illustrated Book, which will be sent to you free of charge, and which will show you how necessary the "Business Encyclopædia" is to your success, and how to obtain it for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

The Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.,
52, Surrey Street, Strand, W.C.

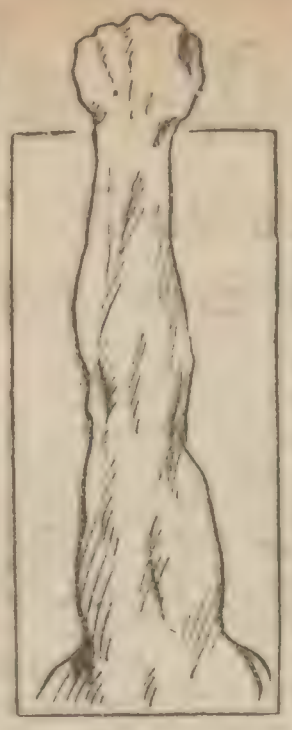
Please send me, free of charge, a copy of the book describing the "Business Encyclopædia."

Name .....

(Send this form or a postcard.)

Address .....

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our

PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

LIVER EXERCISES.

THE "CROW" AND "MIDGE" JUMPS.

At this time of year even the youngest and fittest of us is apt to suffer from "liver." A slight chill, the nip of the East wind, standing about in damp boots, and the liver goes more or less on strike. You feel dull, depressed, irritable, and disinclined for exertion of any kind.

Outdoor exercise in the shape of a daily eight-mile walk will effect a speedy cure, but we have not all time for this remedy, and we want a short, indoor exercise that will act directly on the liver and quickly bring it into working order.

All physical exercises help the liver more or less, but the best are the jumping exercises. The shaking the internal organs get in a jumping movement has a distinctly beneficial effect on the liver, and also on the bowels.

I need not describe the ordinary jumps, but beg to recommend the "crow jump" to the liver victim.

With the hands on the hips, rise on the toes, bending the knees outwards (see illustration), and give a short, forward jump, repeating this three to six times.

The Crow Jump.

The knees must be kept bent throughout the exercise, the body being raised for each jump by stretching the ankle-joints.

Common faults in performing this exercise are—(*a*) Allowing the head to come forward; (*b*) lifting the shoulders while jumping; (*c*) letting the trunk lean forward; (*d*) jumping from or landing on the heels.

The whole movement should be quick and lively, like the perky jump of a crow.

Then there is the "Midge Jump." Standing hands on hips, rise on your toes, and with a light spring pass the left foot in front of and across the right foot, at the same time slightly bending both knees.

Then quickly bring the right foot in front of and across the left foot and so on. The exercise should be done in skipping time.

Some of my readers may say that they have not yet reached the "liver" age. Believe me, even a child may suffer from liver.

The symptoms of liver trouble are easily confused with those of other diseases. For instance, a person whose liver is much deranged will have the persistent cough, the night sweats, the variable appetite, and the general lassitude of the consumptive, though, of course, a proper medical examination would at once reveal the real nature of his malady.

WHEN TO DROP AN EXERCISE.

Many a man taking up physical development wearies of it, and goes through his exercises as a sort of painful duty. This is no use at all. In fact, he is doing himself more harm than good.

To derive benefit from physical exercises it is essential that you should thoroughly enjoy doing them, and look forward to them.

To attain this end, see that there is plenty of variety in your exercises. Cram as many different movements as you can into your five or ten minutes, and vary the programme daily.

If a particular exercise bores you, drop it, cut it out altogether. This may sound like pampering yourself, but the range of physical exercises is so wide that there is no need to include movements which for one reason or another you do not enjoy.

Like the man who eats wisely and well, you should leave off exercising feeling that you could "eat" some more.

Don't fall a victim to the fetish of daily exercise. The physical culturist needs a weekly day of rest as much as any other man.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

C. G. Blackpool).—The best training exercise for swimming is walking, preferably on sand.

A. J. (Leicester).—The person who told you that you would cure your persistent neuralgia by having all your teeth extracted gave you very bad advice. Bad teeth, by generally lowering and poisoning the system, predispose a person to neuralgia and all manner of ills, but are not a direct cause of neuralgia. To have sound teeth extracted would not cure your neuralgia, but rather tend to make it worse, for every tooth lost weakens the constitution, though, of course, bad teeth must be extracted or filled.

"DEPRESSED" (Ealing).—See my remarks this week on liver troubles.

R. D. (Nottingham).—Beginners on the horizontal bar usually keep their hands too far apart. When standing grasping the bar with both hands, the distance between them should be a trifle more than the width of the hips.

S. F. (Croydon).—It does not matter how early in the morning you do your exercises, provided you have a "bite" first, but your bed-time exercises should not be done later than 10 p.m. or 10.30 at most.

"SCRAGGY" (Derby).—A thin neck is not necessarily a sign of weakness. Bob Fitzsimmons, I believe, when at his best wore a fifteen-inch collar.

SMITH'S EXERCISES SCHOOL, Shepherd's Bush, London (next Empire Music Hall). Boxing, Jujitsu, Wrestling and Exercises to make and keep you fit, taught privately, in classes or club, at moderate terms. Postal lessons from 2/6. Any athletic, sporting, &c., article supplied at wholesale price. Personal instruction only by the famous expert and trainer of champions Prof. VERNON SMITH. Send two stamps for illus. book and particulars. Recommended by Editor of this journal.

"Yes, my boy, I'd get Arthur Girvan to make me as tall as he's made you—if only I were under forty!"

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches by perfectly natural and scientific means; no appliances required. Write for particulars.

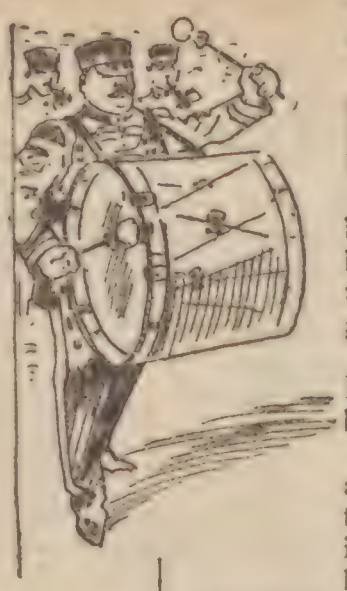
ARTHUR GIRVAN,

Specialist in the . .
Increase of Height,

(Dept. MM.), 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

MARTIAL MUSIC

A PLEA FOR THE RETENTION OF THE ARMY BAND.



It is proposed to abolish Army bands, a revolutionary suggestion which concerns the public quite as much as the soldier. Not that the iconoclasts go so far as to wish to stop martial music altogether; the drums, fifes, and bugles, popularly known in the Service as the "Subalterns' Band," because in my time at least it was supported by subalterns' subscriptions, are to be retained for marching purposes.

So, too, are the pipers in Highland regiments—a prudent concession—for I imagine that taking the breeks off a Highlander would be a simple and safe operation compared with depriving a Highland regiment of its pipers.

The regimental brass band, however, is to go, partly on the score of economy to the public, partly on the ground that bandsmen are not effective soldiers.

The latter argument is not convincing. A bandsman must be a trained soldier, perfectly drilled, and, like any other man, he fires an annual course of musketry and goes through other special classes of instruction.

NOT A NON-EFFECTIVE.

Then he is at all times liable to serve in the ranks either as a punishment for misconduct or because more men are needed in the fighting line.

Therefore it is incorrect to describe the Army bandsman as a non-effective.

On the other hand, Army bands certainly cost the public a good deal of money.

The band of the Royal Artillery, for instance, costs the public £900 a year, while the officers of the Royal Regiment of Artillery subscribe no less than £300 a year to keep their splendid string-band going.

The R.A. String Band, by the way, exists in defiance of the Regulations. Anyway, the King's Regulations as to Army bands refer only to the brass variety, and, in a sense, most regimental bands are illegal. That is, the establishment of an infantry band is fixed at one bandmaster, one sergeant, one corporal, and twenty privates, with a proportion of drummers, buglers, and fifers, and this is supposed to be paid for entirely by the public.

WHAT OFFICERS CONTRIBUTE.

In practice, however, the average infantry band is in excess of its official strength, and is supported mainly by officers' subscriptions. In my day, for example, when you got your company—that is, were promoted captain—you had to shell out a month's pay, about £15, to the Band Fund, and thereafter paid a quarterly subscription—I forget the amount, but think it was a day's pay.

Personally, I think the abolition of the Army band would be a false economy to the public. The band is a fine recruiting sergeant. When the band marches through the streets it draws to it a crowd of men and lads who march alongside it, and many a recruit has been caught in this way.

In my own regiment it was customary for the band to play on the barrack square on Sunday morning after church, the public being admitted; and here again it helped to swell the roll of "rookies."

CHANCES FOR MUSICAL SOLDIERS.

Army bands are in great demand at exhibitions, pleasure resorts, and so on, and in this way again help to popularise the Service with the public.

It is doubtful whether the abolition of bands would save officers anything.

"Guest night" would be robbed of half its charms without the band playing through dinner, and probably civilian bands would be engaged at considerable cost. Music of some kind would certainly have to be provided at regimental balls and other entertainments.

The Army band attracts a good class of man into the Service.

At one time bandmasters were civilians brought in from outside as bandmasters, and, though nominally enlisted, they never served in the ranks. To-day the would-be bandmaster must enlist in the ordinary way as boy or private, and, as I have said, qualify as a trained soldier.

This means that a musically-gifted lad has a good chance of becoming a bandmaster, a comfortable position worth, if you include free board and lodging, about £300 a year.

Musical men are usually intelligent and well-behaved, and the band, which is a separate unit by itself, is, as a rule, a pattern of good conduct to the other companies, all of which makes for good.

I see it is proposed to retain the bands of the Household Cavalry and Guards regiments, but why should they be thus favoured?

It is the ordinary, workaday regiment, stuck away in some forsaken corner of the Empire, that most needs the alike cheering and soothing influence of music. The majority of men are the better for music and feel the need of it.

Nominally, the Royal Artillery has only one band—that at headquarters—but most batteries I ever met had a scratch band of their own, which, if not perhaps quite up to Queen's Hall Orchestra form, helped to make things lively and to keep all ranks in good humour.

On one ground or another I think the abolition of Army bands would be a mistake. Army life in these days is drab enough as it is.

"CHINSTRAP."

The Young Man who takes Mustard regularly

at meals is not likely to grow into a "chronic dyspeptic" when he gets older. Mustard, good Mustard,

COLMAN'S D.S.F. mustard

materially assists the digestion and assimilation of food.

CYCLE GOODS. Wholesale Prices.

Never such eye-opening prices before. Everything needed supplied at bona-fide Wholesale Prices. Cheapest Firm in the British Isles.

Some of Our Prices.

Bells, 3½d.; Brakes, 9d.; Chains, 1s. 4d.; Puncture-Proof Bands, 1s. 1d.; Tyres, 2s. 9d.; Airtubes, 1s. 9d.; Carriers, 3¾d.; Safety Razors, 6d.; Cycles, with tyres, free wheel, 2 brakes, and lined colors, £2 19s. 6d., guaranteed 5 years; Clocks, 1s. 6d.; Gramophones, 16s. 6d.; and thousands of other articles at knock-out wholesale prices.

Saving of 50% Guaranteed.

Send 2d. in stamps for full set of Catalogues, which cost us 1s. 9d. to produce, and

Buy at Wholesale Prices.

MOORHOUSE, Ltd., Dept. M.M., Winchester Works, Padiham, Lancs.

SWINDLES.—*(Continued from page 616.)*

to see the porter, and had stopped him, what then? . . . Damn funny mistake. Damn funny thing, my name Peters too.

But I was disappointed that the thing felt so light. A key on my bunch opened it. There was very little in it, indeed, capacious as it was. There would probably be time to get another one as well.

I stepped on to the platform again. At the door of a carriage in the next (first-class) coach a pretty girl was exchanging lover-like words of farewell with a fine-looking "boy." It wasn't necessary to hear the words to know that they were what I have called them—the looks and furtive hand-squeezings of the speakers gave away the show. I passed and re-passed, and twigged on the seat of the carriage the really smart little travelling valise I referred to just now. I really couldn't do better. But how?

A BOGUS ACCIDENT.

Ten minutes before starting-time the pretty girl tore herself away from the fine-looking young man. They were too much engrossed in each other to take any notice of me; but I was near enough to them to hear his proposition to get out and accompany her, and her refusal on the ground that there wasn't time, and she really must catch her own train back. Oh, yes, she quite understood about changing at Baker Street. Baker Street: so she would have to cross to the Underground.

Away she tripped, and I followed her far enough to see her leave the terminus. Then I made straight for the carriage in which her sweetheart had settled himself down for his journey. There were just ten minutes before the train was due to start. In an agitated voice which I appeared to be endeavouring to control, I addressed him.

"The young lady who just left you, sir—a slight accident just outside the station—she's in the waiting-room on the other side, next the refreshment-room—you'll just have time. . . ."

LEFT IN THE CLOAK-ROOM.

I was going to add something about keeping his seat and an eye on his traps, as I was to be a fellow-traveller; but there was no need for anything more, and no possibility, for he'd bolted off like a shot and a madman.

My movements were as quick as his. I changed carriages, bringing the big bag to the small one. Inside the former I put the latter, and with it the swagger fawn dust-coat that foolish young man had also left behind him. From the portmanteau I tore off one label and scraped off the other, on my hurried way to the cloak-room, where I parted with my last twopence in booking it. There was a non-stop express to Peterborough following in just about an hour the train about to leave. If the former owner of the valise (for it was mine now) missed the latter he'd been telegraphing down the line about it, and the cloak-room was the safest place for it in the meantime, during which I should make myself scarce. Peters would presently be wiring up the line about his portmanteau, but I should be *en route* by then.

JUST IN TIME.

I suppose things might have happened that didn't happen. All I know or care about is that nothing "happened" to me—how others acted, and what steps were taken to trace me and my newly-acquired belongings, being no concern of mine. I jumped into the later train as the guard was blowing his whistle; perhaps luckily, it started from a different platform. I had seen no signs of danger, carefully as I had reconnoitred on re-entering the station and re-approaching the cloak-room to take out what I had deposited there.

The contents of the valise delighted me—just the very things I wanted, and all of 'em. I was particularly pleased to find, too, tucked away in the pocket, a cheque-book, only half used: Barclay's Bank, London Headquarters—good enough for anybody.

When I got out at Peterborough, the greater again included the less—there was only one bag to which to call the Station Hotel porter's attention before I stalked into the Station Hotel. Not having a stiver on me, it was important to create a good impression at once—in other words, to be lavish and fastidious in my immediate requirements. I would certainly *not* wait for table d'hôte, I told the obsequious head-waiter in response to his suggestion, and I would *not* have what was ready. A special dinner—I dictated the courses—must be prepared at once, and served in a private room.

After the banquet—for that was about the size I [illegible]—I went up to my bed-room, opened the portmanteau, emptied its contents and those of the valise on to the [illegible]. Then I separately re-packed the receptacles. What I wanted (the cheque-book was already in my pocket) went into the bigger and all the rest into the smaller.

INDIGNATION TO ORDER.

Keeping my thumb on the bell-push till I heard a chambermaid scurrying along the passage, I angrily and excitedly demanded that the manager be instantly brought to me. In his presence I was angrier and more excited than before. That brown bag wasn't mine. His fool of a man had brought up somebody else's—like my own, certainly, but how the devil was the similarity going to help me? Where the blank blank was *my* valise? Yes, I know of course the portmanteau was mine all right; the valuables worth a hundred pounds and the things wanted for immediate use were all in my lost brown travelling valise. What the blank was he going to do about it? He was responsible for his man's mistake.

When the man was brought up to confront me, I carried things with a higher hand than ever. His word against mine, forsooth! All right—the man belonged to the hotel and the hotel belonged to the company—my solicitors would know what to do. Anyway, I must go back to town at once for duplicates of some of the documents lost with the bag. I could get back quickest by going on to Grantham and there catching an up through express? Then I'd go on to Grantham. All my plans had been upset.

REPLENISHING HIS PURSE.

Presently I allowed the manager to take me to his office and there to speak—and calm me down. If I would kindly let him have my address, he would save me all the trouble he possibly could. He would himself take all necessary steps, and I should be communicated with without the loss of a moment's time. Should he in the meantime take charge of the valise which I disowned? Very well, then of course he held himself responsible for it.

On my side, I explained that I was one of the young Barclays—whose bank was my most convenient address. By the by, what did I owe for my dinner, and the excellent Burgundy I had just got through? . . . . . In the circumstances—with a laugh—he wouldn't mind if I wrote him a cheque on Barclay's for a fiver? Thanks. He might get somebody to get my ticket to Grantham.

Half an hour afterwards, my pocket warm with the change from "Herbert Barclay's" cheque for £5, I [illegible] resumed my pleasant way towards Edinburgh.

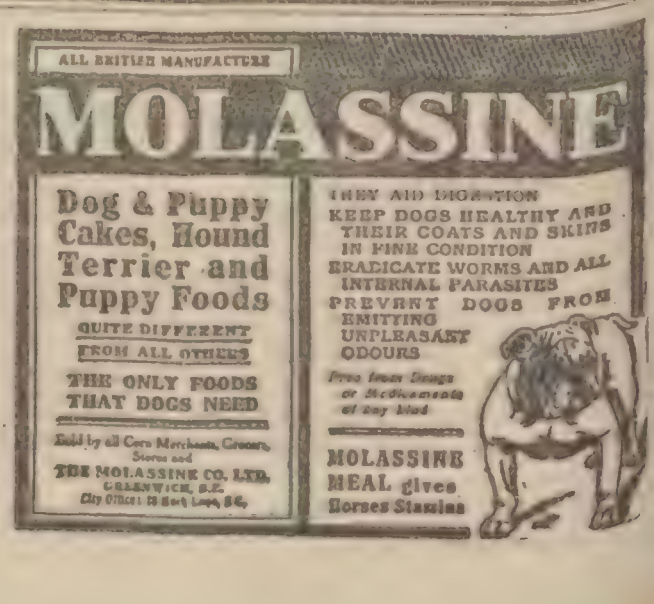
[*Another of these revelations will be printed next week.*—EDITOR.]

FULL INSIDE.

Lo! 'twas the performance of the festive pantomime; and the audience were in high good humour. They laughed at everything, even at the seventy-year-old principal girl when she tried to look giddy and girlish.

But the great scene was where Mephistopheles, the Demon King—call him what you will—had to descend to the Infernal Regions through a star-trap. The trouble was that the Demon King was portly, and the star-trap was small, so the poor gentleman stuck mid-way.

Stage hands below pulled and tugged, the other members of the company gathered round and pushed and shoved—all in vain. And then a voice called out from the gallery: "Hooray, boys! There's hope for us yet. Hell's full!"


ALL BRITISH MANUFACTURE
MOLASSINE
Dog & Puppy Cakes, Hound Terrier and Puppy Foods
QUITE DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS
THE ONLY FOODS THAT DOGS NEED
Sold by all Corn Merchants, Grocers, Stores and
THE MOLASSINE CO. LTD.
GREENWICH, S.E.
THEY AID DIGESTION
KEEP DOGS HEALTHY AND THEIR COATS AND SKINS IN FINE CONDITION
ERADICATE WORMS AND ALL INTERNAL PARASITES
PREVENT DOGS FROM EMITTING UNPLEASANT ODOURS
MOLASSINE MEAL gives Horses Stamina

CATTLE STIFFS

A SKETCH.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

At Chatham he had got into the Londonward train, and was by no means bashful. He borrowed a match, then a cigarette.

Then I asked him if he would care to borrow me.

A big man, he laughed as a big man does—from his stomach.

"Other side of the Atlantic," he said, "I should fall in with your proposition. I am what is known as a stiff-catcher. I'd borrow you and make a cattle-stiff of you.

"What's a cattle-stiff? And you—I haven't been so long out of the country but what I know the Norfolk brogue when I hear it—you a Norfolk man, too! And that's the place where all the good cattle are raised.

"Mercy me! Well, cattle-stiffs are men that want to get back to London from New York—somehow, anyhow; and, you take it from me, it's anyhow when they ship as stiffs.

"I do my bit o' cruisin' before the boat sails, you see. Cruise round the gutters of New York city, and that's where you find labour for nothing.

"S'pose people in England 'ud call us slave-drivers, and me head of a gang. I'd drat 'em if I didn't love 'em for not bein' American.

"But when you tap 'em on the shoulder, when you say to those poor beggars that are down in New York—a position which gives 'em a foretaste of hell in that relentless bloomin' city, where the man who hasn't a rap gets nothing but knock-down blows—why they fall on the neck of the stiff-catcher. They treat him a sight better than an angel from heaven, because he represents a free passage home, which is some Continents more than a promise o' glory.

"You get the Cockney twang when they talk to you, and that keeps yer blarmed American accent down, thank the powers. If you've been in the profession for years and have had the chance to come back to honest Limehouse, it's more than a band playing 'God Bless the Prince of Wales' that 'Bli'me, guv'nor. *Will* I tike on the job? *Will* I? Not 'arf!'

"You 'and 'em a couple o' dollars, full pay in advance, which partially chokes off the white-slave fanatics. You walk with 'em and they take you—no, not to a cocktail bar, but to the popping shop. You can chance your last red cent on that. And they all come out with little bundles.

"Poor swine! . . . hugging their little bundles!

"No, I'm never heeled. If I've got a fifty-head drove of 'em there's no need to shepherd 'em no more than if there was only one, though they are two dollars the good of me.

"I ain't so ass-American as to want a six-shooter. I've got a pair o' dukes for one thing. For another, I couldn't choke 'em off if I kicked 'em. I'm Home-and-Friends. You bet they'd follow to the end of the earth if I whispered 'London' to 'em once. The Pied Piper never gave a show to beat mine. The only dif. is, that it's them I charm that's tattered.

"You talk about mugs at the game. Gee! (There, that's how that blessed American slips out!) Bli'me, they're as awkward as Yankees tryin' to behave like gentlemen in London. Have you ever seen a coal-heaver tryin' to execute the Tarantilla in a Buenos Aires drink-shop? Reckon you haven't; but you imagine it, and you've got the measure of painful incompetence exhibited by the poor bloomin' cattle-stiffs first day out.

"Jews they are mostly, and that sort are particler to a certain extent. You give 'em a fork an' set 'em to work—each having allotted to 'em a hundred stalls to attend to. There ain't no time to crimp your hair, I can tell you—and if there's a few beasts sniffin' for the home ranch, you wager you've got a proposition or two aboard.

"And some of 'em has never as much as seen a bullock, barring on a cattle-show advertisement. It's work, work, from early hours to one o'clock p.m., reckoned shore time, and then the dinner-gong goes, and them as have got over the crawling about stage trots up to the galley—Jews mostly, mind you, with delicate ideas about grubbin'. They get given a chunk o' fatty meat no more Kosher than a pig is, an' they retire, as you might say, to chow it up. Like dogs, sir? You'll pardon me, but a dog at least has the luxury of a mat, or a clean corner to get through *his* menew.

"I've seen 'em—these poor sons of a chosen people gone wrong.

"I've seen 'em stick it till they fell about, an' a pail o' water was too much for 'em to carry. There they've had to weep, but eat the stuff, an' they'll remember that, you bet, when they've forgotten the things they've swindled their fair prey, the friendly Gentile, out of.

"And I've seen Christian fellers search 'em out and eat their good grub before their eyes. Yes; for the matter of the distinction I call 'em Christian fellers. But, pooh! It's nothing to blame 'em for. It's the one bit o' sport on the cattle boat!

"This very mornin' a batch of 'em came ashore at Gravesend off the Philopelter, the boat I came over on strictly as a passenger.

"Gloriously drunk ain't the word for what I can be to-night if I go down the Mile End Road and fall into just one pub. Why? 'Cause I know who I shall see there, sir—my Yiddisher cattle-stiffs.

"An' they'll want to souse me in liquor and never let me pay. . . . Those as I've brought back again—*vid* hell, perhaps—but back again, Home!"

...pply by letter only to Estate Office, Cholderton, Salisbury.

A CAPABLE, energetic MAN WANTED, of good address and technical training, with knowledge of building construction, to represent a well-known firm, in introducing a new invention to architects and others in London and district. State age, experience, and salary required.—Address S. R., Box 9995, Postal Department, Daily Telegraph, Fleet-street, E.C.

When you write for a better job

—what can you say that will grip the one written to? What can you tell him you *know* or *could* do? Will you write simply because you want a better job, or because you have been making yourself worth it? If you want to answer these questions with the utmost satisfaction, start now a course of I.C.S. training in the privacy of your home. That is the way to master the higher branches of a trade and "be better than somebody else."

An I.C.S. training-at-home plus an I.C.S. free recommendation is the surest thing in the world to secure a good job.

Read this :—

"It is with pleasure I write to thank your Students' Aid Department for enabling me to obtain my present berth in a large Electrical Works."—(Signed) FRANK BAKER, Plumstead.

Let the I.C.S. guide you easily, surely, quickly, to the jobs worth having. Whatever your present position, *it can be done.* Let the I.C.S. send *you* the Instruction that ensures success. Terms to meet your purse. Send this coupon *now* and get full particulars free.

"The way to Better Pay is the I.C.S. way"
—over 100,000 I.C.S. students affirm it *is* so.

SALARY-RAISING COUPON

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.

Dept. 118/X, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can qualify to enter, or to obtain a larger salary in, the occupation or profession **before** which I have marked **X** (or in the one stated here .....)

Electrical Engineering	Analytical Chemistry	Bookkeeping and Business Training
Mechanical Engineering	Gas Power and Oil Engines	Modern Languages
Mining Engineering	Textile Manufacturing	Civil Service
Civil Engineering	Architecture	University and Professional Prelim. Exams.
Motor —Aviation	Applied Art & Design	
Steam Engineering	Advertising	
Marine Engineering		

Over 150 Courses in all.

Name.....

Address.....

Business is Business

AGREEMENTS WITH EMPLOYEES.

WHY THEY ARE UNSATISFACTORY.

There is a type of man—usually an employee, from the nature of the case—who is never happy unless he has booked himself up to serve some employer for a certain term. He is never at rest until he has his agreement signed, and has taken it surreptitiously to Somerset House and had it officially stamped.

There is a surprisingly large number of employers who are usually ready to give a man an agreement, especially if they think the man smart and useful; but in encouraging this system they are in reality cutting their own business throats, and are doing the employee no particular good, and certainly no kindness.

The average man, when he has a signed agreement in his pocket, is apt to think that "nothing matters now." He is liable to very insidious influences.

The worst of these influences is that one which suggests to him that he need only use a minimum of brain power to enable him to get along. Short of absolute dereliction of duty he knows pretty well that he is safe, with his agreement.

Agreements, then, tend to slackness of the employee.

Another aspect of the question is that a very small proportion of the total number of such agreements is ever renewed. In the great majority of cases not of an exceptional character the end of the period of the agreement means the end of the man's employment.

"Well," says the employer, "I am not renewing your agreement, Mr. X. It has worked fairly well, but I think I shall make a change."

So Mr. X. is out of a berth because he had an agreement.

Had he been working in the ordinary conditions of a week's or a month's, or a quarter's notice, the whole question of his future employment would never have cropped up, and he would have gone on steadily, perhaps getting a rise.

To a man with ambition and brains also, an agreement for one or two years may prevent him from taking the tide of his affairs at the flood. Opportunities are missed which the man on ordinary terms as to notice can snatch, while the agreement-monger enjoys a short-sighted and delusive temporary security.

W. DOUGLAS.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

Gilt-edged Stocks have been firmer, although there are not many dealings.

Home Rails show little change on the week, but they are going much better, especially Districts.

The price of this stock, namely 35, is ridiculous, considering the strides the company is making; I would not consider them dear at double the price.

East Londons at 7½ are also a very promising "lock up" investment.

Duff Development Company's £1 shares rose to par during the week, and fell again to 16s. 7½d., but if report is to be believed, these shares will touch 30s. before long on the sale of their sovereign rights to the Government.

Argentine Tobacco Deferred shares, referred to in this column last week, have risen to 5s. 6d., and the Preferred to 5s. 3d. premium.

I can only repeat my advice to readers to buy the Deferred shares as a "lock up" investment with immense prospects.

Mexican Rails are firm with a rising tendency, and no wonder, considering the excellent December net statement and the large traffic increase for January. This is another good and promising "lock up" investment.

Canadian Pacifics continue to show enormous traffic increases, and Grand Trunks are doing well.

Americans are dull, and look like going lower in the near future.

Rubber shares are steady, and show a few improvements. There has also been some inquiry for Oil shares, and in some instances prices have been marked higher.

Kaffirs are steady, and always good to sell on any improvement. Rhodesians show no change.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

"SELIG" (Paignton).—All are good, but I prefer Nos. 1 and 4.

L. B. (Sleaford).—Only one witness is required.

"CLERK" (Bedford).—In my opinion Nos. 1 and 3 would be the better choice.

H. S. (Nelson).—Quite good. My Mexican correspondent informs me that things are shaking down nicely in that country, and he predicts a boom in everything thereto appertaining in the not distant future.

"BARRY" (Kirkcaldy).—(*a*) Hold. (*b*) Likely to improve, but speculative. (*c*) I should advise your clearing out of these.

E. H. (Hereford).—There is practically no market in these shares, and the quotation is purely nominal at 15s. to 17s.

OUR COLONIAL UNIVERSAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT.

Every Colonial reader should avail himself of the facilities offered by the Colonial Universal Supply Department.

We are prepared to buy and dispatch to any Colonial reader any article whatsoever that can be obtained in London, provided he sends with his order sufficient sum to cover the cost.

Readers who are likely to have a number of small orders from time to time may, if they so desire, deposit sums of £5 and upwards with us, and a statement of the balance of their deposit will be sent to them each time goods are forwarded.

All goods are carefully packed and dispatched, but it must be understood that they are sent at the purchaser's risk. Where it is possible to register or insure goods in transit, this will be done, providing the purchaser instructs us to do so.

We charge ten per cent. of the value of the purchases to meet the expenses of this department.

All cheques, money orders, and postal orders must be made payable to THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., and all communications regarding this department must be addressed to The Colonial Universal Supply Department, THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE.

(42ND EDITION.)

Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.

FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.

44, BANK STREET, MANCHESTER.

Special Positions for Special Men

. . Hapgood's have hundreds of Special Positions open—Head Grade, Technical, Clerical, Organising, and Travelling Positions carrying salaries ranging from £150—£1,000 a year, but they are positions which can only be filled by Men of Special Ability. If you are a man with more than the average amount of ability and with a desire to realise your true worth—write us to-day, or call.

HAPGOODS Ltd. 167-168, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE SPORTING TIMES

Otherwise known as "The Pink 'Un."

SMARTER AND MORE AMUSING THAN EVER.

Is Recognised as the Leading Authority on Racing and Sport.

WRITE FOR FREE SPECIMEN COPY.

Published Every Friday, At 97, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

SPORTING LICENSES

THE LAW'S DEMANDS FROM THE SPORTSMAN.

Participants in many forms of sport in Great Britain and Ireland are forced by means of licenses to contribute to the local or Imperial revenue of the country. So far cycling has escaped, and hawking is untaxed; but anglers for game-fish, shooting men—and, indirectly, both coursing and hunting men through the licenses on greyhounds, hounds, and terriers—have to pay for the privilege of enjoying their favourite pastimes.

One may ride a horse without paying toll; but if one drives for pleasure there is a tax on the vehicle employed; while every man who employs male servants as grooms, trainers, keepers, ghillies, or whatnot, must take out a license for them at the rate of 15s. a head per annum. The tax for a four-in-hand drag is 2 guineas, and for a tandem-cart 15s. per annum.

GUN LICENSES AND GAME LICENSES.

Everyone who uses a shot-gun or sporting rifle must hold a 10s. gun license. If he shoots game he must hold a game license instead of a gun license. Game licenses vary in cost, according to the time within which they expire. If taken out for twelve months from between July 31 and November 1, to expire on the following July 31, the fee is £3. If taken out after July 31 to expire October 31, it is £2; and the same if taken out after October 31 to expire on July 31 of the following year. A game license for fourteen continuous days costs only £1. Gamekeepers' licenses for a year (to expire on July 31) are £2.

Game includes deer, hares, moor-game, pheasants, partridges, quails, and landrail; but hares may be shot by occupiers on the land of their occupation without a game license. No license is required to course or hunt hares; but they may not be killed on Sundays or Christmas Days, as with other game.

The Duchy of Cornwall issues a special license to shoot on Dartmoor, and the Commissioners of Woods and Forests are conferring the right of shooting over the New Forest, nearly 100,000 acres. The cost of the first is £1 per annum, and covers black game; but is sometimes suspended for two or three years at a time, if the head of game is falling below the proper limits. The New Forest license costs £30 a year, but is only granted to carefully-selected applicants. Neither of these licenses permits the shooting of deer; but owners of herds require no license to kill deer on their own land.

WHAT ANGLERS MUST PAY.

Licenses for fishing are much more numerous and complicated. The fish for which licenses are necessary are game fish—salmon, trout, and char. Scotland is exempt from fishing licenses, and so is Ireland so far as brown trout are concerned, but a salmon license there costs £1 a year, and is available in all parts of the Island.

In England the cost of licenses differs in the different fishery districts, ranging from 30s. to as low as 5s. for salmon, and from 10s. to 1s. for trout. Salmon licenses usually include the right to fish for trout and char. In many districts reduced rates are in force for short, continuous periods.

Any of these licenses is only available within the district in which it is obtained and for the season during which it is issued.

All sporting dogs of whatever breed, whether packs of hounds or not, are liable to the dog-tax of 7s. 6d. a head; though hound puppies are not liable to be licensed until they are entered. Puppy-walkers, therefore, are not obliged to take out licenses for their charges. In Ireland the tax is only 2s. per dog and 6d. for a stamp on each license, however many dogs are included in it.

Falconers who use their hawks to take game must, of course, hold game licenses the same as if they were shooting men.

L. C. R. CAMERON.

MR. F. HARVEY HATCHARD.

Member Institut Stenygrathique des Deux Mondes, Paris. For many years Examiner in Shorthand to the Newfoundland Council of Higher Education.

IMPROVE YOUR :: POSITION. ::

The SLOAN-DUPLOYAN "NEW RAPID" Shorthand has created a Revolution. Learned in twelve Easy Lessons. Saves a year's study. Used by fastest Official Parliamentary Reporters daily at 250 words per minute. Holds the World's Speed Records. :: :: Awarded Eleven Gold Medals.

SIMPLE, RAPID, LEGIBLE, PRACTICAL.

80 Words per minute in One Month Guaranteed.

The Easiest Shorthand System in the World. Highly praised by 200 Newspapers (including "The Modern Man") and 10,000 students. :: :: :: ::

Another testimony from an Army Officer, **Sergt.-Major W. LINTHWAITE, of 29, Salisbury Road, West Ealing, writes:** "After less than three weeks' instruction in the Sloan-Duployan 'New Rapid' shorthand, I was able to commence speed practice. I attribute this to the simplicity of the system and your careful tuition."

100 Words per minute in TEN Lessons.

Mr. H. C. BRITTON, of 21, Herne Hill Road, S.E., says: "I am a sorter at the G.P.O., for which shorthand is necessary. Under your guidance I reached the required speed of 100 words per minute with only TEN 'New Rapid' speed lessons."

Similar letters are received daily.

Send Postcard to-day for New Illustrated Handbook, Prospectus, and Free Lesson—

F. HARVEY HATCHARD, Principal,
SHORTHAND ASSOCIATION,
Holborn Hall, London, W.C.
(Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" Headquarters).
TELEPHONE: 6111 HOLBORN.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

A. H. C. (Salisbury).—The Calcutta Cup at Rugby football is played for by England and Scotland only. Its destination is decided by the International Championship match between these nations. Therefore it has a bearing on the championship table, but it does not follow that the winner of the Calcutta Cup is also "cock" country.

"DISSATISFIED" (Huddersfield).—You are perfectly entitled to demand a detailed statement of his account from your doctor, though it is unusual to do so. According to what you tell us of your circumstances, 3s. 6d. a visit would be a fair rate for him to charge.

L. M. (Manchester).—Address your inquiry to The Secretary, The Admiralty, London, S.W.

"CAVE CANEM" (Norwood).—Your dog's habit of turning his head sideways and the offensive smell from the ear indicate canker. It is easily cured in the early stages, but we advise you to consult a vet.

A. S. (Glasgow).—Only "Royal" regiments wear blue facings, and not all of them do so. The facings of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, for example, are scarlet, those of the Royal Irish Rifles dark green.

"SPOT-BARRED" (Limerick).—To remove the roughness from your billiard cue, rub it down gently but firmly with fine emery paper. Then give it a good rub with a clean cloth, and finally go over it with a wax candle.

T. B. J. (Reigate).—Some "well-known journalists," advertising for journalistic pupils, are not frauds, but many of them are discredited Fleet Street loafers bent only on snatching your premium. Be on your guard, and insist on references.

"CONVIVIAL" (Maida Vale) says: "I know the toper's cure for a 'head' of 'a hair of the dog that bit you,' but what is a man to do when he has been to a banquet and is suffering from a mixture of sherry, hock, champagne, Benedictine, and whisky-and-soda?" On this occasion try a stomach pump; next time don't mix your liquors.

J. D. (Edinburgh).—The non-commissioned officers of the West India Regiment are partly whites, partly blacks, but in no case is a white non-com. under the command of a black one.

R. E. (Cardiff).—Better communicate with the National Share Exchange, Great Winchester Street, E.C.

C. T. L. (Golders Green).—Sir Edward Carson was Solicitor-General for Ireland before he came to the English Bar to become Solicitor-General for England a few years later. No; you don't draw us into a discussion on Home Rule.

R. A. R. Penzance).—When a pack of cards is to be cut it must be placed face downwards on the table. It is a common dodge with sharpers to invite you to cut the pack while holding it in their hand. If you do, the sharp can easily "force" you to cut the pack just where he wishes you to.

"BEGINNER" (Forest Hill).—Your opponent is not entitled to tee his ball until you have driven off.

F. H. (Stockport).—A cat requires water to drink almost as much as a dog, and when thirsty prefers water to milk. For a cat that seems out of sorts generally there is nothing better than a handful or two of fresh grass.

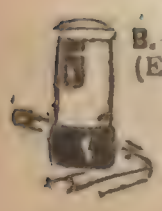
"GOING ABROAD" (Brighton).—Enteric fever is most common between the ages of 18 and 25. It is, of course, a dangerous disease, but the man who gets over it is often much stronger than before he had it. Milk and water are the chief sources of infection. Good luck.

"KHAKI" (Bradford).—A Warrant Officer in the Army is addressed as "Sir" by all non-coms. and men, but they do not salute him.

K. H. (Aldeburgh).—Football referees receive from £1 1s. to £1 11s. 6d. a match, according to the distance they have to travel, and third-class railway fare. Linesmen receive 10s. 6d. a match and third-class railway fare. Fees are paid on the day of the match.

M. D. (Dublin).—£500 a year is generally reckoned the minimum private income required by a cavalry officer, but in one or two regiments it might be possible to do it on £300 a year.

W. J. C. (London, E.C.), **S. S.** (Bradford), **W. H. B.** (Southsea), **B. G. S.** (Aberdeen), **C. D.** (Chard), **E. A. G.** (East Sheen), **C. H.** (Edinburgh), **R. F.** (Stoke)—Many thanks.



OUR KIND OF ARITHMETIC

What you pay - - - 1/-
The value we don't charge you for 9/6
The worth of the pen - - 10/6

THE MODERN MAN half-guinea Fountain Pen will be sent to any reader in the United Kingdom for 1s. and 12 Pen Coupons.

The nib is 14-carat solid gold, and ball-pointed. The ink is supplied by a twin-feed, with spiral attachment. The body of the pen is of the finest black vulcanite, handsomely chased. It is packed in a special box, with glass-filler and full directions.

A pocket clip to fix the pen securely in the vest pocket is presented absolutely free.

HOW TO SECURE ONE OF THESE PENS.

On page 6[illegible] you will find a Pen Coupon. Cut this out, and collect 11 further Pen Coupons, either by purchasing additional copies of the paper or by getting the Coupons from friends who are already readers.

If you buy extra copies from which to cut the Coupons, it is understood that you will give the copies to those whom you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons send them along with a Postal Order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," THE MODERN MAN Office, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch many of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid gold, or gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The League Badge Actual Size.

Money-Making Opportunities of 1912

brought within the reach of all classes by the

UNIQUE AND ECONOMICAL SYSTEM

of Dealing in Stocks and Shares propounded by

THE NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE

Head Office: **22, GREAT WINCHESTER ST., LONDON, E.C.**

Telegrams—"NATSHAREX, LONDON." Telephones—712 (5 lines); 9777 (2 lines); 713 LONDON WALL.

The methods adopted by this well-known firm of Stock and Share Dealers, who have established a record for successful operating and are acknowledged and appreciated by numerous clients whose written testimony to the reliability and efficiency of the advice given, is **open to the inspection of**

ALL READERS OF 'MODERN MAN.'

Some Reasons why increased Market Activity is Confidently Anticipated.

The well-informed are buying.
The brighter Political Outlook abroad.
The passing of the Labour Cloud at Home.
A general desire for Continental Peace.
The probability of an early reduction in the Bank of England Rate.
The fact that Prices offer ample scope for profitable dealing.

Some big upward movements should be seen in Stocks almost immediately.

Do you wish to share in the coming activity?

If so, send us your name and address or fill in the Coupon below and we will send you our recommendations by Letter or Telegram

ENTIRELY WITHOUT COST TO YOURSELF.

THE MARKETS OF THE MOMENT:
HOME RAILS, AMERICANS and INDUSTRIALS

are practically certain to advance substantially, and those who wisely take advantage of the present circumstances should realise handsome profits.

We make a speciality of Options and Marginal Dealings in all Markets.

Option Rates and all particulars sent free on application.

SEND US YOUR TRIAL ORDER

and reap the following benefits:

WHAT OUR SYSTEM DOES.—It limits your liability. Gives you unlimited Profits. Enables you to deal on a small outlay. Saves you the expense of Commission, Brokerage and Stamps. Prevents undue or intricate formality.

Above all our **Daily Cash Settlements** permit of profits being remitted to clients **immediately on closing** of their transactions.

These are factors which should not fail to influence intending operators, especially those who deal extensively, for the limiting of one's liability and saving of commission alone effects a large saving of expense and enables greater profits to be secured.

OUR EXPLANATORY HANDBOOK will be sent to any reader who fills in and posts the Coupon given below. It will be found of interest and may prove invaluable. **Send to-day for a FREE COPY.**

FILL IN THIS COUPON

To the Secretary,

National Share Exchange, 6t. Winchester St., E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet "The Modern System of Money-Making," which contains a clear explanation of our methods of dealing and other valuable information.

Name _____
(State whether Rev., Mr., Mrs. or Miss or Title.)

M.M. 17/2/12. *Address* _____

_____ *Date* _____
(Please write distinctly.)

(This and all our advertisements are copyright.)

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

AN EVENING DRESS CONUNDRUM.

A correspondent puts to me what he describes as an evening dress conundrum: "Which is worse," says he, "to turn up at a dinner or other evening function and find yourself the only man not in evening dress, or to be the only one who has 'dressed' for the occasion?"

I do not think there is any doubt on this point, assuming that the invitation was given in circumstances which left the question of dress in doubt, and that, therefore, my correspondent was not really guilty of a solecism.

To my mind it is far worse to be "undressed" than "dressed."

By putting on your evening clothes you imply that your host is a person who is in the habit of dressing for dinner, which is a compliment, whereas, if you don't dress, you imply the reverse, and also convey the impression that you are unaccustomed to society where evening dress is the rule.

When in doubt, play your dress clothes is a safe rule.

SPARROW AND CANARIES.

All the same, I must admit that recently I found myself the only "plain clothes" in an assembly of ladies and gentlemen in evening dress, but I think there was some excuse for me.

Staying at a seaside resort, and having been elected a temporary member of the club, I made some delightful acquaintances. Among them was a married man whose wife and my sister exchanged calls. One evening as I was returning to our rooms, I met him: "Oh," he said, "I've just been round to your place. I've seen Miss Saunders, and we want you both to drop round after dinner for a game of bridge. Can you come?"

"Delighted," said I.

I had often seen him at the club after dinner, but never in evening dress, and so we trotted round "as we were," to find, not the *partie carrée* we expected, but a large party all *en grande tenue*.

Personally, I did not mind in the least, for he had given me the distinct impression that we were to pop round for a friendly rubber between the four of us, and that evening dress was not the rule with him.

These informal invitations are often puzzling, and to ask right out, "Shall I dress?" may savour of ignorance of polite usage. The best plan is to make some indirect allusion to evening dress, such as "Haven't worn my evening togs since I was down here." This gives your host a hint that he can hardly fail to take, and from his reply you can learn whether to dress or not.

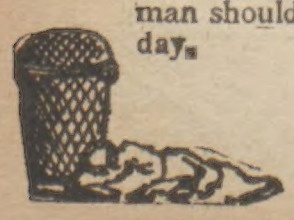
I should certainly have done so in this case had I not known that my new friend was not in the habit of dressing for dinner.

DECAY OF WEDDING MANNERS.

I should like to raise my protest against the want of manners at modern weddings.

I am not thinking altogether of the vulgar display so often associated with the modern fashionable wedding, the ill-bred self-advertisIng which we saw in connection with a recent ceremony, the mannerless guests standing on pews or chairs, and converting the church into a theatre, the totally unnecessary communication to the Press of intimate details of the bride's trousseau, or her quite unimportant views on the marriage service.

I am thinking mainly of the modern bridegroom, and the fact that he is often a very ill-dressed person. I may be old-fashioned, but I hold that if there is one occasion when a man should take a pride in his appearance, it is his wedding-day.



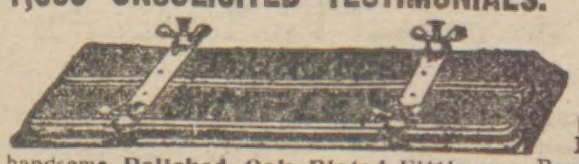
That Old Suit or Overcoat of yours is good for further service.

3/6 will make it look new.

If your suit or overcoat is wrinkled or shabby from wear, send it to us with a Postal Order for 3s. 6d.
It will be CLEANED, REPAIRED, and TAILOR-PRESSED by our wonderful new process, and you will receive it within a few days, looking like a brand new suit or overcoat.
Our work is not a dry-cleaning process. It is exclusively a tailoring service carried out by expert tailors.
You must see an old suit or overcoat after being treated by our unique method, the result will surprise you.
Send us a trial order and let us convince you what we can do.
Pack up your clothes, and you will be glad that you have acted on our advice.
Carriage paid one way. Repairs and Alterations of every description.

The National Tailoring and Repairing Co.
144-146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.
Telephone—North 260 (2 lines).

WE HAVE RECEIVED OVER
1,000 UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.



Price **5/9** Carriage paid.

Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease.
I Save you 50%. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers.
handsome Polished Oak, Plated Fittings. Powerful steel crossbars. length. Take 4 pairs. **GUARANTEED 5 YEARS.** 7 days' approval. Money returned if not satisfied. *Send for Illustrated List Free.*
H. CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London.

MERITS OF THE **ADDIZ** CAP

Perfect ventilation = prevents loss of hair.
Perfect fit = smart appearance.
No pressure on head = absolute comfort.
Fits firmly = cannot blow off.

Send for one at once, as they are sure to please!

Prices—2/6, 3/6, 4/6 (post free).

Send size and colour, enclosing P.O., to the manufacturers—

J. HOLDEN & CO, 32, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

IF IT'S A McKINLEY

That is all you need know about a suit.

Because the "McKinley" standard represents the Hall-Mark of Tailoring Perfection. The McKinley goods are made from genuine Scotch and English materials, are cut and tailored by expert London workmen, and although sold at lower prices than is usual for high-class goods, they have all the qualities of goods for which double the price is charged elsewhere.

Suits (to measure) **30/-** to **50/-**
Overcoats „ **25/-** to **45/-**

Carriage Paid, No Extras, and we refund your money in full if you are not completely satisfied.

Send to-day for our Booklet "MN," our splendid range of Free Samples, Fashion Plates, copies of Unsolicited Testimonials, tape measure, and the McKinley scientific self-measurement chart, which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor. Write or call—

C. & G. McKINLEY (Tailoring Dept.), **7, Gresham St., London, E.C.**

When answering Advertisements, please mention "The Modern Man."

The modern bridegroom, however, seems to think any old clothes good enough to be married in.

Frankly, I have never been reconciled to the morning-coat as a suitable garment for a bridegroom, but still fashion has made it permissible. But what I do object to is the bridegroom who wears a morning-coat that is by no means new, trousers that badly need pressing, and a black tie and black waistcoat, as if he were going to a funeral or to business in the City.

Then there is the bridegroom who gets married in a lounge suit. I am not alluding to the poor man, who cannot, perhaps, afford a frock-coat rig-out, but to well-to-do men, who thus show in my opinion that they have no particular respect for themselves or the lady.

With carelessness in wedding clothes has come carelessness in the bridegroom's manners. He no longer troubles to offer the bride his arm as they leave the church.

At a recent fashionable wedding, the bridegroom got into the carriage first, leaving the lady to enter it unassisted except by a servant.

No, I may, as I say, be old-fashioned, and I admit that a wedding is the woman's hour; but still, I like to see a bridegroom take a pride in himself and his bride, and I can find no excuse for carelessness in dress or manners on such an occasion.

Guests, too, are often to blame. I have seen men turn up at a wedding wearing their office clothes or lounge suits. I don't say that a guest need go to the expense of a new frock or morning-coat, but he should wear something new, if only a tie, so as to lend himself a festive air, and show that he regards the event as of some importance.

A best man should certainly "sport" a light waistcoat or a new pair of light trousers.

BROWN TIES.

Brown ties are in favour, and are both smart and gentlemanly, though I confess I do not care very much for them with a black coat.

They contrast well, however, with moderately dark greys.

BLOTS ON THE LANDSCAPE.

I hope I am not unduly critical of my fellow-men, and perhaps my liver is out of order, but it does seem to me that there are more sartorial blots on the landscape about than there used to be. No doubt the fashion, the passing fashion, as I believe it to be, for ease before elegance is responsible for this, for there are many pitfalls awaiting the man who goes in for négligé shirts, Tyrolese hats, &c.

Lately, for example, my æsthetic eye was pained by the sight of a youth who was wearing a flannel "stand-up" collar—at least, it stood up on one side and fell down on the other—together with a black tie and a diamond pin.

If you must wear a flannel collar, don't try to be "dressy" with it.

This, however, was nothing to the shock I received when recently spending a week-end at Brighton. He, or perhaps I should rather say, it, came along the front wearing (*a*) a soft hat of velvet or velveteen; (*b*) flowered satin waistcoat; (*c*) riding breeches; (*d*) split-your-eyeball stockings with purple tassels; (*e*) patent leather buttoning boots. To cap all, as they say in Lancashire, in one corner of his bow-tie he wore a large diamond stud.

This is not a fancy portrait, but an exact record of what it had on, and it was a near thing whether I threw it into the sea or made a bee-line for the smoking-room of the Royal York, but on quick reflection I preferred brandy to bloodshed.

Then of late I have noticed men wearing soft hats with frock or morning coats. There is only one hat fit to wear with what may be called "formal" clothes, and that is the "topper." Any attempt to mix "ease" with "elegance" is fatal. Be one thing or the other; either town or country in your dress, but don't attempt to combine the two.

A MAN'S PRESENT.

I am often asked by readers of this feature to advise them in the selection of a birthday or a wedding present for a man friend. The thing I usually recommend is a trouser-press, if the intended recipient does not already possess one. Those sold by Mr. Clipson at 5s. 9d. are in every way equal to the kind you pay a guinea for in shops, and are very acceptable as presents.

The Result of a Chill.

By THE TURKISH BATH MAN.

It is with reluctance that I make any reference to the lamented death of the Duke of Fife; but while the attention of the nation is arrested by the sad event, I am constrained, however reluctantly, to use the occasion for driving home to the minds of every reader a full realisation of the great dangers attending a chill. The death of the Duke is attributed to pleurisy *following a severe chill*. I have spoken of a "*full realisation* of the dangers arising from a chill." Note the words carefully. It is common knowledge that a chill *is* dangerous. There is nothing new in the theory that a chill is certain to be followed by some illness, varying in its severity in different cases from some minor complaint to a dangerous malady, and even death itself. The very familiarity with the truth leads to indifference. Even when we *know* that we have suffered a chill we are prone to take the risks and to let things run their course from bad to worse. Herein is the great danger. What is necessary is *instant* action. Death knocks with impartiality at the cottage of the husbandman and the palace of the prince, but, owing to a peculiarity of the human mind, we as individuals fancy that he is merely passing to somebody else's door in the next street! We are not, indeed, to *fear* the enemy, but we must be ready and resolute to drive him back. What, then, is the remedy? For remedy there is, of wonderful efficacy, against chill. Otherwise it were useless to point to the danger. I have time and again explained the wonderful power of the "Gem" Turkish Bath Cabinet, not merely for curing disease, but *for preventing it*. Nowhere is its power shown to greater advantage than in arresting chills. A single application will "lift" a chill, which threatens the most serious consequences. The Bath itself is a simple folding cabinet (fitted with a safety heater) which can be used with the utmost convenience in any room. The treatment is not only *safe*, but altogether enjoyable, and the results, both as to immediate relief and permanent benefit, are little short of marvellous. The chill is arrested, the ill-effects are removed from the body, and all sorts of after-effects are warded off, pleurisy, congestion of the lungs, and other chest troubles, influenza, catarrh, rheumatism, neuralgia, and a multitude of other disorders. The Bath is the great bulwark against winter aches and pains. A vast volume of evidence from medical men and others in favour of the Bath is given in my book, "*Perfect Health*" (which I send free), and my own enthusiasm for the Bath, after years of personal experience and observation of the great good it has done to thousands of other users, fills me with an ambition to place a Gem Bath Cabinet in every house in the land. There is a time in every year (varying with different people) when a man or woman touches the point of lowest vitality—when the person is most vulnerable to disease, whether induced by chill or otherwise. Why not be prepared? Why not have the Gem Bath ready to hand? Note the terms of the coupon which guarantees my Company's "*bona fides*" and protects you against all risk. A "full realisation" of the import of this message means that you *must act* now.

THE GEM B SUPPLIES CO., LTD., MODERN MAN.

67, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

Enclosed please find Money Order value **35/-**, for which send me a No. 1 Bath Cabinet complete on the understanding that if not satisfied I can return the Cabinet within ten days, and you will refund my money.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Most Amazing Offer Made!

Every Reader of "Modern Man" may at once secure a pair of Sandow's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells Free for Seven Days' Trial.

No money to pay. Simply send the Coupon.

For a whole week, without any cost to yourself, without the need of parting with a penny, you may enjoy the strength and health-giving value of Mr. Sandow's Wonderful Invention, the Sandow Spring-Grip Dumb-Bell, which helps you to gain not only greater strength, but more-finely-developed physical proportions. Their use entails no violent exertion, they may be adapted for use by women and children as well as the sturdiest man.

It is only necessary to fill in and forward the coupon below as directed to at once receive a pair of the famous Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells for **seven days' free home trial.** There is nothing to pay. Simply send the coupon, and the Dumb-Bells are at once posted, carriage paid, to your door.

With each pair of Dumb-Bells is sent Two Charts of Exercises, one showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, the other showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, woman or girl, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information, by following which every reader can not only prove his or her strength and general physique, but likewise safeguard and improve the health.

These charts have been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of Dumb-Bells, and are obtainable alone with this health and strength-giving invention.

You need not keep the Dumb-Bells after seven days unless you wish, but if, after using these Dumb-Bells **for Seven Days Free,** you decide to keep them, send us deposit of 2/6, and promise to pay the remainder of the price at the rate of 2/6 per month, which only means the small sum of ONE PENNY PER DAY.

The few minutes' exercise daily with the splendid apparatus will give you health, strength, and stamina. They will give to woman fuller grace of figure, encouraging beauty of form; to men greater dignity and distinction, and to both a splendid feeling of well-being and virility. Exercise with the Dumb-Bells, which should be a regular process by every member of the family for at least five minutes per day, quickly develops the muscles of the arms, deepens and strengthens the chest; whilst exercises are also included for developing the leg muscles and improving the general physique so that you may keep strong, healthy, and happy.

There is nothing to pay to secure the Dumb-Bells at once, and their use daily will prove a real delight. Send the coupon and you will receive a pair of the Dumb-Bells by return of post. It is only necessary to send *now.*

Room 39, Sandow Hall, Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....191 .

Gentlemen,—Please send me one pair of your Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **12s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

Youths' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 14 to 18.

Ladies' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

This order is given on condition that, after Seven Days *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and **no charge whatsoever will be made.**

FREE TRIAL.

Signed..... *Age*.....

Address.....

.....

Please cross out sizes not required.

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and Published for the Proprietors, THE MODERN MAN, LTD., by THE UNITED PRESS, LTD., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription, 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. *Sole Agents for Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, Australia, Canada, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Ltd